No. 2378.—Vol. 92.

THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED PAPER AND ILLUSTRATED TIMES

December 22, 1906.

Registered at the General Post Office as a Newspaper.

London: Printed and Published for the Proprietors at 18 Henrietta Street, Strand, W.C.

THE MAN WHO WANTS TO RUN THE EARTH.

WHAT WILL THE GERMAN EMPEROR DO NEXT?

During the past week the papers have again been full of the doings of the strenuous Emperor of Germany, who has again been scattering sensational telegrams. He is now filling in the intervals between teaching the world how to conduct its affairs, writing operas, designing navies, preaching sermons, etc., etc., by engaging in a terrific duel with the German Parliament.

CHILDREN TEETHING

TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S

Soothing Syrup

FOR CHILDREN TEETHING

Has been used over 55 years by millions of mothers for their children while teething with perfect success. It SOOTHES the child, softens the gums, allays all PAIN, cures WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHŒA.

Sold by all Chemists at 1/1½ per bottle.

DELICIOUS COFFEE

RED WHITE & BLUE

For Breakfast & after Dinner.

In making, use less quantity, it being so much stronger than ordinary COFFEE.

The Pine Forest at Home!

"SANITAS OIL"

Prevents and Cures

Bronchitis, Influenza, Diphtheria

AND ALL

Lung and Throat Affections.

DIRECTION:

INHALE and FUMIGATE with "SANITAS OIL."

Special Pamphlet Free.

The "SANITAS" CO. Ltd.,

Limehouse, London, E.

BEETHAM'S

LAIT LAROLA REG.

Entirely removes and prevents all Roughness, Redness, Irritation, Chaps, &c., and

Keeps the Skin

SOFT, SMOOTH, and WHITE

at all seasons. Invaluable for the Complexion.

Delightfully Soothing and Refreshing after Walking, Golfing, Cycling, Motoring, &c. Bottles 1/-, 1/9, and 2/6 each. Of all Chemists and Stores.

M. BEETHAM & SON, CHELTENHAM.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES.

50 Years' Reputation.

FOR

COUGHS & COLDS, INFLUENZA, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, CATARRH, LOSS OF VOICE.

Of all Chemists, 1/1½ per box.

ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTES.

Eye-Strain

Eye-strain, which affects so many brain-workers, is the cause of brain-fag, headache, and other troubles. Eye-strain shows itself by blurring of sight and pain of the eyes followed by other evils. All sufferers should immediately send postcard to STEPHEN GREEN, 210, Lambeth Road, London, for his most interesting and useful booklet, "How to Preserve the Eyesight." It tells of SINGLETON'S EYE OINTMENT, a cure for eye-strain and all other eye troubles, and has 300 years' reputation. Supplied in ancient pedestal pots for 2/- by Chemists & Stores.

PRINCIPAL CONTENTS.

—o—

Particularly Interesting People 402

The Terrible War of the Future: Some Expert Opinions 405

Humours and Dangers of Steeplechase Riding. By Fox Russell 406

Historic Christmases ... 408

His Worship's Christmas Dinner 409

Particularly Interesting People.

SOME MEN AND WOMEN OF THE WEEK.

STORIES OF THE POPE.

His Holiness Pope Pius X., whose troubles with France are attracting world-wide attention, is one of the

Photo, Press Picture Agency.
Cardinal del Val, the Pope's Secretary.

mildest and most simple-hearted of men. When he succeeded to the Chair of St. Peter he much astonished the Vatican *entourage* by his defiance of some of the ancient Papal customs, but he has so endeared himself to all around him by his religious zeal and genial manner that his transgressions of the old etiquette are now readily forgiven. The Pope, who began life as Giuseppe Sarto, was born of a very humble family at the little town of Riese seventy-one years ago. Up to the age of forty he was still a parish priest, but in 1875 he was taken from parish to diocesan work, and nine years later was appointed to the Bishopric of Mantua. In 1893 he was called to Rome and created a Cardinal by Leo XIII., whom he succeeded as Pope in 1903.

His Mother's Gift.

For generations it has been the custom of the Pontiffs to do without watches and to inquire the time of one or other of the Cardinals; but Pius X. has shown his force of character by possessing a timepiece of his own, and a pretty little story is told in this connexion. During an interview with some Italian nobles the Pope happened to take out his watch, which was a very old and much worn article. One of the noble-

Photo, Illustrations Bureau.
Mr. Seckington, the West Ham Councillor, who was found shot last week.

men present immediately pulled out his own watch—an exceedingly valuable lever—and begged his Holiness to do him the favour of exchanging chronometers. But the Pope refused the offer very forcibly. "My mother gave me this watch when I was a boy," he said simply, "and I vowed that I would wear it as long as it would go."

The Children and the Medals.

The Pope is devoted to children, although, not having much experience of them, he is naturally a little embarrassed in their presence. Some time ago he received some nuns in audience who brought with them two pretty little children. His Holiness was much gratified when the youngsters repeated the prayer for the Pope, and gave them each a silver medal. The next moment he was astonished to see a look of disappointment on their faces, and he turned anxiously to the nuns as if seeking enlightenment. Presently he called to one of the children and asked "what she would like best in the world." "A doll," was the prompt reply—"a great, big doll." With a sigh of relief the Pope told her she should have it, and the very next day his sister went and purchased two of the finest dolls that money could buy in all Rome, which were forwarded to the children with the Pope's best wishes.

A Mild Rebuke.

Although he is of the most benevolent disposition, Pius X. is by no means above administering a quiet rebuke. A certain patrician lady once presented him with an elegant little silk cap which she had made herself. Now the Pope has always been averse to gaudy attire, but he accepted the gift with his usual kindly smile. The lady, encouraged by his manner, ventured to ask him if he would give her the cap he was then wearing in exchange, as a souvenir of her visit. Removing a very plain and simple cap from his head, the Pontiff quietly replied: "When you bring me one just like this, perhaps we will make the exchange."

From a painting of the Pope by Roger.

By the Associations Law coming into force in France the connection of the State with Rome is finally dissolved, and the Church has to form associations for public services. The Pope bade the French clergy refuse to submit to this law. The French Government promptly expelled the Pope's envoy, Monsignor Montagnini.

Ambassador to Washington.

We understand, says the *Express*, that it has been practically decided to send the Right Hon. James Bryce, at present Irish Secretary, to Washington as successor to Sir Mortimer Durand, the retiring British Ambassador.

The appointment will not be settled officially for some weeks, but there is now little doubt that Mr. Bryce will resign his seat in the Cabinet for the purpose of accepting the most important post in the Diplomatic service.

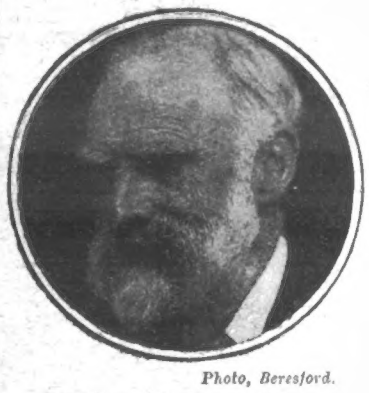
He will go to America with the added dignity of a peerage.

Mr. Bryce was described by the late Speaker of the House of Commons as a walking encyclopædia. He certainly possesses one of the most capacious and well-stored minds in political life, and he is known as the most versatile member of the Legislature.

He was born in Belfast sixty-eight years ago. His father was Scotch and his mother Irish, and he was educated at Glasgow University, Trinity College, Oxford, and Heidelberg.

He is credited with the ability to speak—or acquire—nearly every known language. He has talked with African kings at their councils, has banqueted with the Dyaks, has climbed some of the highest mountains in the United States, has stood on the top of Mount Ararat—the first white man since Noah—has been in Russia, India, and Japan, and knows nearly every part of the British Empire, even to the Fiji Islands.

Since his youth he has been writing classics. When he was twenty-four he wrote a prize essay, "The Holy Roman Empire," and this brought him fame all over Europe. His political study, "The American Commonwealth," which he published in 1888, was an elaborate work.



Photo, Beresford.
Rt. Hon. W. James Bryce.

Among his other works are "Impressions of South Africa," and "Studies in History and Jurisprudence." For twenty-three years he was Regius Professor of Civil Law at Oxford, and he can put more letters after his name than any other living statesman.

In 1889 he married a daughter of the late Mr. Thomas Ashton, cotton spinner, of Fordham, near Manchester. Mrs. Bryce is a most gifted woman, and has accompanied her husband on many of his travels.

Strange Use of a Photograph.

A poor woman at Avellin, who recently lost a beloved daughter, imagined that she perceived an extraordinary likeness to her dead child in the features of a young dressmaker of the town.

Being without a photograph of her daughter, and greatly desiring to have one, she contrived to make the acquaintance of the dressmaker through the latter's betrothed. She finally induced this young man to ask his sweetheart for a photograph and to give it to her. All of which he did.

Nothing more was thought of the matter until All Souls' Day, when all

Strange Use of a Photograph.

the townspeople, and with them the dressmaker, went to the cemetery to visit the graves and pray for the departed. To her astonishment the girl, when she reached the gate, was met by a party of her companions, who rushed up to her, and, as they embraced her, exclaimed in joyful accents, "She is not dead after all!"

Naturally taken aback, the dressmaker asked for an explanation, and in reply they led her to an unpretentious monument, in the head of which was framed a photograph of herself! It was an enlargement of the one which, through her lover, had found its way into the hands of the bereaved mother, who, following a common Italian custom, had put it to this questionable use.

PRINCIPAL CONTENTS.

—o—

The World of Women ... 410

The Polite Burglar 411

P. I. P. Farmer and Gardener 412

P. I. P. Playgoer: "The New Aladdin" and the Christmas Pantomimes 413

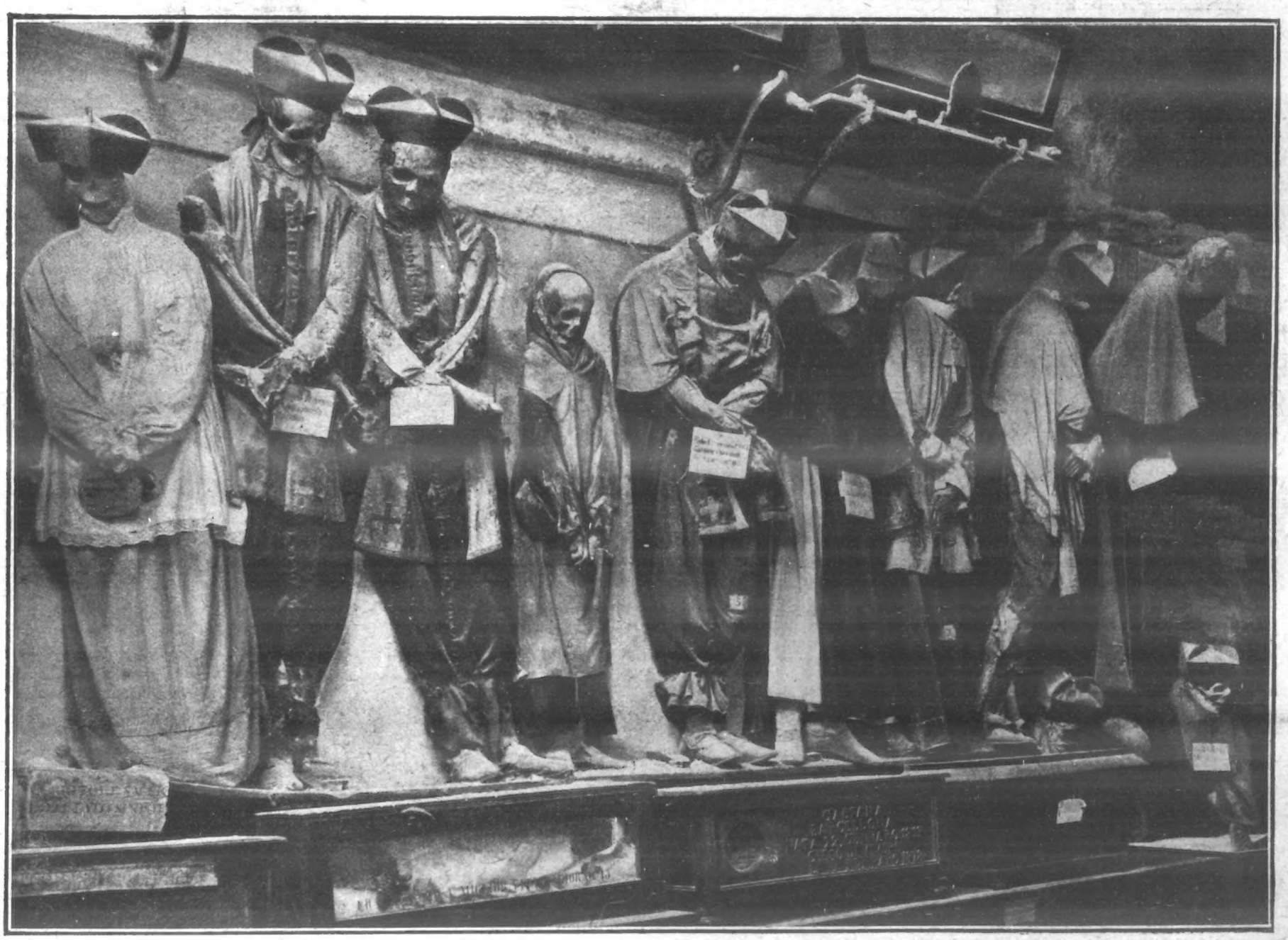
Christmas Serials in Tabloid Form 414

Qu en Maud. The Queen. King Haakon. The King.

Photo by Ralph, Dersingham.

Price Edward. Prince Olaf. Prince George. Prince Henry. Princess Mary. Prince Albert. Princess Victoria. Prince John.

THREE GENERATIONS AT SANDRINGHAM: THE KING AND QUEEN WITH THEIR CHILDREN AND GRANDCHILDREN: All the children of the Prince and Princess of Wales are included in the photograph—Princes Edward, Albert, Henry, George, John, and Princess Mary, and with them is the Crown Prince Olaf of Norway. Had the Fife children been present the list of the King's grandchildren would have been complete.



HORRORS THAT ONCE WERE MEN: The above very remarkable photograph was taken in the Capuchin Catacombs, at Palermo, the horribly gruesome appearance of the dead monks being emphasised a thousand-fold by the fact that their skeletons are dressed up in the identical clothes that they wore during their life-time.

Has Civilisation Lessened the Horrors of War?

WHO'S WHO ON THIS PAGE.

Admiral the Hon. Sir Edmund R. Fremantle, G.C.B., C.M.G., (Rear-Admiral of the United Kingdom), whose views on the war of the future we print this week, joined the Navy when but thirteen years of age, and

Photo, Elliott & Fry.

Mr. T. Miller Maguire, the well-known Army "crammer" and lecturer.

his progress has been noteworthy because of the rapidity of his promotions.

At the early age of twenty-five he was a commander, at thirty he was in charge of a battleship, and became a Rear-admiral before he had reached fifty.

He has seen a lot of hard fighting on land, particularly in the Ashanti wars, when he was severely wounded. Sir Edward has been Commander-in-Chief in the East Indies, China, and at Plymouth.

The Admiral's Sarcasm.

Some years ago, when in command of the Channel Fleet, one of the torpedo boats answered the helm very badly, and narrowly escaped colliding with a battleship. The Admiral at once signalled the offending craft, apologising for being in one of the narrowest parts of the Channel at the moment, but assuring the commander that if he could only keep his ship from bumping into the rest of the fleet, they would soon be in the broad Atlantic.

Once, when the big guns of his ship were being practised at floating targets, a very bad miss was made, and the Admiral walked coolly up to the captain of the gun:

"Do you suppose that Her Majesty's Government provide you with live shell to shoot mackerel with?" was the sarcastic query.

"Rule of Three."

The Admiral tells this story of how he entered the Navy: "I remember I went to Woolwich—which was then a dockyard—with my uncle, a captain in the Royal Navy. During the short journey my uncle said something about an 'examination' which rather startled me, for it had never entered my head that it would be necessary to pass one.

"I began to wonder what on earth I should be asked when my uncle relieved my mind by saying, 'Can you write English dictation, and can you do rule of three?' I confidently enough asserted that I could.

"'Then Eddy,' said my uncle cheerfully, 'I think you'll pass'—and he was right.

The master of the Admiralty yacht conducted my examination in a very simple manner. He gave me a few lines of dictation, and then asked me to solve the following problem, which he was pleased to call the rule of three:

"'If a yard of cloth costs 1s. 4d., how much will three yards cost?'

"And so I passed my examination with flying colours."

General Colvile's Record.

Major-General Sir Henry Edward Colvile, K.C.M.G., has a most awe-inspiring record in "Who's Who." Here it is—*Educ.*: Eton. Entered Grenadiers, 1870; A.D.C. Gen.-Com. Cape, 1880-83; employed to survey and report in Wady el Arabah, 1883; Intelligence Department E. Sudan Expedition, 1884; present at battles of El Teb and Tamai (twice mentioned in dispatches; medal, clasp, and bronze star); special service in Upper Egypt, 1885; to report on the Arbain Road in Libyan Desert and Sudan, 1894; D.A.A.G. Intelligence Department Nile Expedition, 1884-85; charge of native troops, River Column (mentioned in dispatches; clasp; C.B.); Chief of Intelligence Department Frontier Force, 1885-86; present at action at Giniss (mentioned in dispatches); promoted Colonel; employed by War Office to compile official history Sudan Campaign, 1886; Intelligence Department Namkam Column, Upper Burma, 1893; Acting Commissioner, Uganda, 1893-95; commanded Unyoro Expedition 1894 (medal); Star of Zanzibar; retired from Gren. Guards, 1897; promoted Maj.-Gen. 1898; commanded Infantry Brigade, Gibraltar, 1899; and Guards' Brigade, and subsequently 9th Division, South Africa, to July, 1900 (dispatches). *Publications:* A Ride in Petticoats and Slippers, 1879; The Accursed Land, 1884; History of the Sudan Campaign (compiled for War Office), 1887; The Land of the Nile Springs, 1895; The Work of the Ninth Division, 1901. *Recreations:* Photography, gardening, yachting.

Remarkable Trip of a French War Balloon.

The military airship *La Patrie* made a remarkable trial flight of thirty-three miles from Moisson to Meudon, near St. Cloud, last Saturday. It accomplished the journey at a speed of twenty-five miles an hour, travelling practically dead against a wind blowing at thirty miles an hour.

The airship had four men aboard, and Captain Voyer steered by a fairly direct route, but made many ascents and descents and rapid turns to test the navigability of the airship. The great machine responded admirably, and the result of the trial has given great satisfaction to the military authorities. A photograph of this remarkable airship will be found opposite.

Photo, Elliott & Fry.

ADMIRAL THE HON. SIR E. R. FREMANTLE, G.C.B.

THE TERRIBLE WAR OF THE FUTURE.

Some Expert Opinions.

Has civilisation made war less cruel? It is doubtful, except, perhaps, so far as the care of the wounded and the absence of killing for killing's sake are concerned.

In other respects, war, if not more cruel, has certainly become, and yearly becomes, more and more terrible. For it is no longer a case of man against man, as in the days of old, but of machine against machine, with man, "hoist by his own petard," but a pawn in the frightful game between the devilish engines of war devised by him to slay his fellowmen.

Devilish engines, indeed! What more horrifying even in imagination than the torpedo, cutting, like a ravening shark, through the waves to seize its prey and stain the sea a horrid crimson? Or the silent, stealthy submarine, spewed up, as it were, from the ocean bed, instantaneously to end a thousand lives and more?

Or on land, the sinister, monstrous gun heaving itself up over the parapet to fire its smokeless shot, and then sinking back into its lurking-place? Or the unseen, invisible storm of shot and shell filling the air with impalpable, intangible, but none the less swift and sudden death?

But these are dangers the modern warrior knows of, and is prepared to face. What of the new terrors "civilisation" has in store for him?

Some are already nearly perfected—if perfection can be mentioned in conjunction with such engines of destruction. There is, for example, the armoured motor-fort, which, like some great prehistoric beast, will move cumbrously but none the less swiftly over the ground, an affrighting spectacle, belching fire and death, huge, horrible, and almost invulnerable.

Then there are improved war balloons and war kites, capable in favourable circumstances of well-nigh annihilating an army. But in thinking of the battles of the future the offensive and defensive possibilities of the aeroplane undoubtedly hold the imagination, and here are some expert opinions, specially communicated to *P.I.P.*, on the part aeroplanes, etc., will play in the terrible war of the future.

The first is that of

The Hon. Sir. E. R. Fremantle, G.C.B.

(Admiral of the United Kingdom, and a most distinguished naval officer):

"It is a large question endeavouring to forecast what invention may do for us within the next few years. Possibly, airships may come into play.

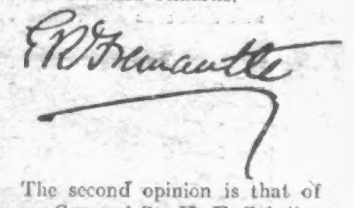
"In war, risks are run which people may not be inclined to hear of in peace. There is little doubt that the airship will be developed soon so as to be effective, but the risk will always, I should think, be too great to make it a general means of locomotion.

"In war, it very likely will be used, but I doubt its accomplishing much except in the way of intelligence.

"I have little faith in submarines. The risk is great here, too, and the disadvantage lies in their practical blindness.

"I am afraid we are to have yet bigger ships and faster destroyers for fighting purposes. I don't think that we shall have more very large armoured cruisers, but we must have numerous fast sea-going cruisers of medium size to patrol the ocean.

"We cannot do without them, but this is nothing new. These are rather off-hand remarks."



The second opinion is that of

General Sir H. E. Colvile

(well known, not only as a soldier, but as a daring aeronaut and an exceedingly clever man):

"I know nothing of what the army manufacturing departments may be doing now, or whether there are any new engines of war in progress.

"I may say, however, that, in my opinion, one most pressing need is a mechanical contrivance for supplying the firing line with ammunition. It must, of course, be bullet proof, capable of going over any ground, and small enough to be a bad target for artillery.

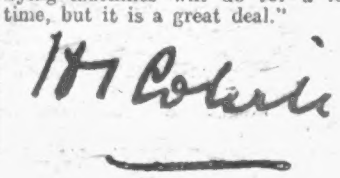
"I take it that in the near future an aeroplane shooter will be wanted.

Photo, Elliott & Fry.

General Sir H. E. Colvile.

It is at present difficult to hit even a captive balloon, and a swiftly-moving aeroplane could at present observe the positions of our fleets and troops with absolute impunity.

"This is, I believe, the most that flying machines will do for a long time, but it is a great deal."



The Terrible War of the Future.

Will Modern Science Increase its Terrors, Instead of Diminishing Them?

THE TERRIBLE WAR OF THE FUTURE.

1. French military air-ship, "La Patrie," which is already on the strength of the French Army, with a full crew.

2. A German armoured motor-car, said to have been largely designed by the Kaiser.

3. Dr. Barton's air-ship with which our own War Office have made experiments.

Finally, that very brilliant and eminent military critic, lecturer, and "coach,"

Dr. T. Miller Maguire,

dissents from the view that war is growing more terrible, and advises us to put our military "house in order" before bothering about things aerial.

Here is the doctor's characteristically outspoken letter:

"We see all kinds of death-dealing novelties, and hear of every new method of annihilating armies, and have had all these under review for a quarter of a century. They all make very little difference, I assure you. We have listened to the voice of the great prophet de Bloch, and read his works; not one of his prophecies about the annihilating and war-stopping effect of modern weapons has come true. Bayonets were used freely in South Africa, and just as freely in Manchuria as at Austerlitz or Vittoria. War depends on men, and not on weapons. Each civilised State, unless governed by despicable partisan charlatans like England at present, will be as ready as the other State in all matters of equipment, in everything that money can buy. If not, it must not go to war.

"But neither money nor weapons nor fortifications avail against superior mental and physical power; all are but sheep in wolf's clothing, unless the breed and disposition of a people be stout and warlike.

"This vital factor the English are neglecting. Moreover, they are becoming a brainless race, and in everything martial, as Tamerlane and Bacon and Napoleon declared, brains and moral force are as three to one. Indeed, Napoleon says, and history agrees, that the 'Man is everything.'

"As for 'battles in the aerial blue,' what then? Surely they would not be as awful an innovation as battles by sea! Going up in a balloon for the first time is not as terrible a thing as it was for Columbus to sail out into the Atlantic, and Horace says that the first men who went to sea were void of nerves and had breasts of steel.

"No invention of modern times has made war a bit more terrible than it was at Thrasimene, or at Lepanto, or at Malplaquet, or at the Nile, or at Borodino.

"Whether we fight on land or on sea, or in the air, victory will be given to the most resolute and skilful fighters. I am much more interested in the production of real, honest, clever, brave man, and in teaching industry in England at present, than in balloons. A sound army, all prospects of which partisan charlatans are destroying, is of more pressing importance than either ballooning or ballistics, in neither of which arts am I in the least an expert.

"For my own part, I should like to have six hours' fighting *à outrance* with the aid of the disbanded Scots Guards against the two front benches in the House of Commons, whether by sea or land or in balloons! The result would be their annihilation and the permanent elevation of our race.

"Till all this party *canaille* be obliterated, we will be ruined, whatever our weapons.

"Let us deal with pressing matters on earth before we soar aloft with our rifles."

Quite so (Ed. *P.I.P.*). It is the man behind the gun who counts in the finish. But when the "gun" is capable of slaying its hundreds at a time, surely war has become more dreadful, and the conflict of the future, with its submarines, torpedoes, enormous battleships, frightful explosives, aeroplanes, armoured motors, death-dealing balloons, and all the other engines of destruction the brains of the world are busily devising, will be justly named the "terrible war."

T. Miller Maguire

THE WORLD OF PASTIME.

FOOTBALL.

How differently the South Africans play on a fast ground to the form shown by them on heavy going was vividly instanced when they met Cumberland last Saturday at Carlisle. They ran up the big score of 3 goals and 2 tries (twenty-one points) without reply from the Cumbrians; yet, curious to relate, they did not follow their usual course of getting well ahead in the first half and being content with holding their lead after the interval. As a matter of fact they met some hard-fighting forwards at Carlisle, and though it was evident that the home pack would be outstayed, they deserve every credit for keeping the score down to five points before ends were changed.

It was Jacob le Roux who scored the only try in the first half, D. Morkel landing a goal with a finely-judged kick. Morkel's namesake, Andrew, made his first appearance of the tour in this match, and all his work denoted the clever and experienced footballer. His knee seems quite sound again, and if any fault could be found with his play it was slight lack of pace. He it was who led up to the Africans' second try which de Villiers secured, Carolin converting. From that stage the plucky Cumberland men, who had all but scored on more than one occasion, were outplayed, and three more tries were gained by Hirsch and J. le Roux (two), one of the latter being converted by D. Morkel. Cumberland died hard, but the Colonials were clearly the superior side.

Since Oxford beat Cambridge by twelve points to eight, both 'Varsity teams have been on tour, but have not exactly covered themselves with glory. The Oxonians lost to Edinburgh University by eleven points to eight, but won their game with the Academicals of the same city last Monday by thirteen points to five. The Light Blues went under to Liverpool, who scored thirteen points to ten; then lost to Dublin University last Saturday by eight points to nil; but recovered when meeting Monkstown on Monday, that Irish team being defeated by eighteen points to five.

The institution of an international match between the amateurs of England and Ireland bore good fruit at Dublin last Saturday, for though the ground was soaked with the downpour of rain, the quality of the play was excellent. The Irishmen gave a surprisingly good exhibition, and, though beaten by 2 goals to 1, they merit all the eulogy that has been showered on them. They scored first through Thompson, but after Woodward had equalised, Wheatcroft put England ahead. The latter portion of the game was fought out in dashing style, but no further goal was obtained, though Vivian Woodward had a grand chance when he was wrongly pulled up for offside, the ball having previously touched an opponent.

The Youngest Member of the Royal Life-Saving Society: Miss Doris Zella Kay, who, although only seven years of age, is the possessor of no fewer than eleven medals, including the "Cross of Merit" of the Paris Life-Saving Society, and her latest honour is the Perrin Gold Medal, founded by M. de Comte Perrin in 1880, and was awarded to her for conspicuous ability during the year. Little Miss Kay is the daughter of James Kay, M.R.I.P.H., who is considered one of the best authorities on swimming of the present time.

The Humours and Dangers of Steeplechase Riding.

By FOX RUSSELL.

As one who has "been through the mill," I would say at the outset to anyone intending to go in for steeplechase riding: "You must be prepared to take your falls good-humouredly; come they will, for the best of men and the best of horses must make mistakes sometimes." But there be compensations, and very large ones, in my humble estimation, for surely earth holds few greater delights than those experienced in the act of winning a well-contested steeplechase.

No man in whom lives the fighting spirit of the sportsman could surely wish for a better piece of luck than to find himself mounted on a likely winner, and waiting at the post for the flag to be dropped in a two and a half or three mile steeplechase. With a race of this kind no time need be wasted in trying to get horses off to a level start; that matters not at all, and it is often settled by arrangement amongst the jockeys themselves as to who shall "cut out the work" at first.

"They're off!" cry the bystanders, and away goes our sportsman with the rest of the starters, horses all boring and fighting for their heads, all generously wishing to give of their best powers, all jealously regarding any of their compeers who may be in front of them. They converge on to the likeliest looking part of the first fence, and to the spectator it looks as though a collision were almost inevitable. But in the nick of time some of them pull back, and in close order they all safely top the obstacle.

Our sportsman has, by this time, settled himself down to ride, and perhaps thinks his mount would be better served by an improved pace. So he quickly drives him to the front, and leads over the next half-dozen obstacles, at the last of which a heavy crash warns him that "something is down," and he looks sharply over his shoulder, trying to discover the identity of the victim.

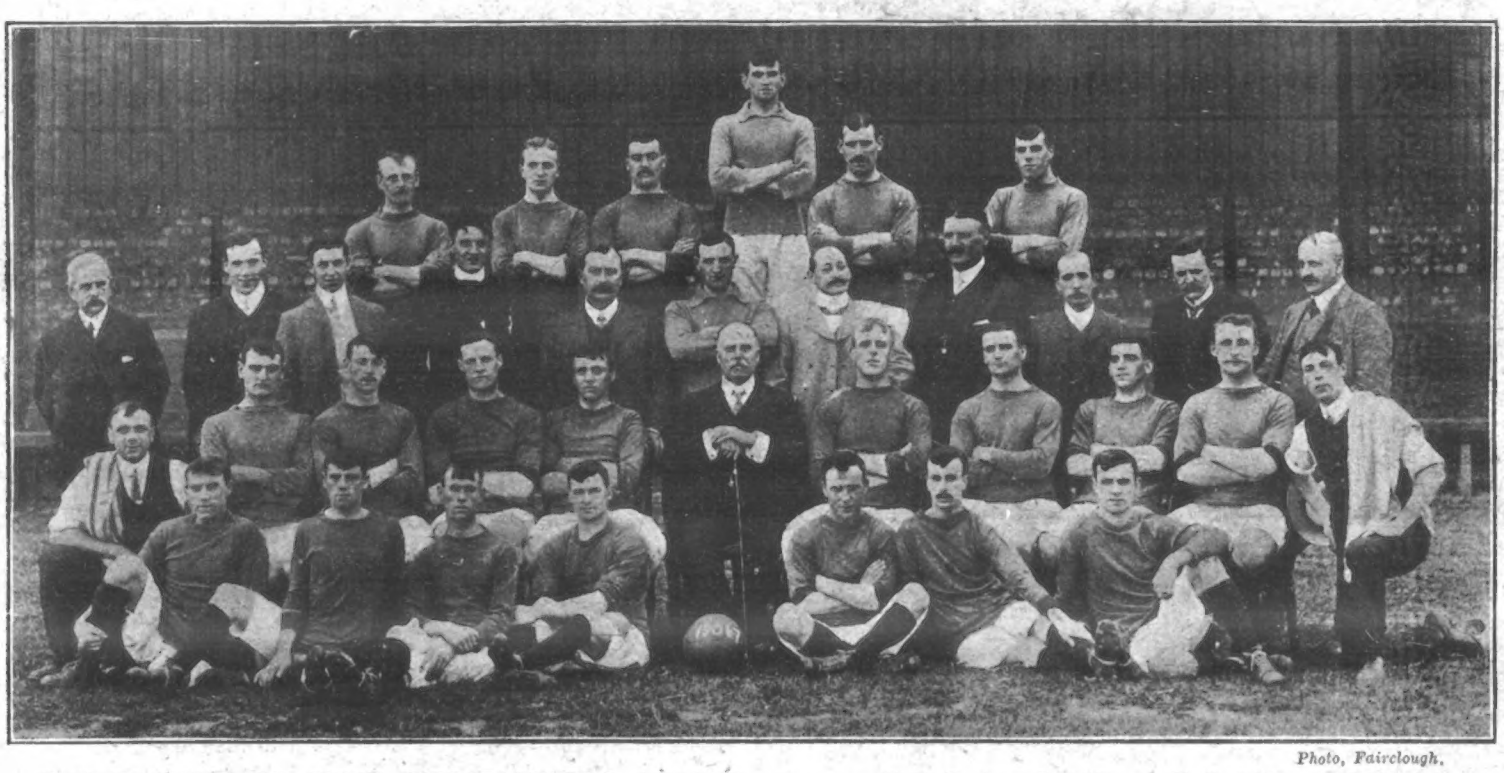
The pace, however, is visibly increasing, and our friend fails in his quest. On they go for another mile, in changing order. Our sportsman has to keep his eyes well opened, and to steer clear of fallers and refusers. He also has all his work cut out to see how his competitors are going. He takes a pull at his horse to steady him at the next jump—the water—and, splashing through the last foot or two of that—for his mount has landed a bit short—he quickly takes observations.

That bay, now leading, looks as if he had had as much racing as he cared about, especially now the pace has become so much hotter—nothing to fear from him, thinks our friend; another bay—wide on the right—has a much more dangerous appearance—he is going strongly within himself, and his jockey is sitting quite still on him.

A black with a plaited mane is jumping every fence sideways, with a sullen whisk of his tail which speaks eloquently of his dislike for the business in hand; a chestnut with a white face and a big, slashing brown complete the list of all who have any chance of winning.

Round the last bend, they all close up and thunder down at the only obstacle which now lies between them and the judge's box. Our sportsman takes his horse short by the head, rouses without hustling him, and gets over safely. Not so the leading bay and the sulky black, who, jumping too close together, collide in the air and roll over on landing. A mounted policeman sees one of the human figures lying without movement. He quickly waves his handkerchief—a signal well understood on the Stand—and in five minutes the ever-ready ambulance will be giving aid to the sufferer.

Meantime, the rest of the field gallop on: two horses—one of them being that of our friend—alone are left in with a chance to win. Whips crack, heels and hands are at work, and, with a feeling of exultation in his heart—though all outward sign of it is rigidly suppressed—our sportsman forges ahead, inch by inch, and twenty yards from the winning chair he is leading by half a length. His opponent makes a game final effort to get his head in front again, but it avails nothing, and our friend—surely the happiest man in the



Photo, Fairclough.

FAMOUS FOOTBALL CLUBS—MIDDLESBROUGH, 1906-1907: 1st row—Fred Barker, C. O. Hagan, E. Radcliffe, A. E. Worrell, W. Hickling, A. Campbell. 2nd row—T. Bell (Supt. Gateman), A. Sutherland (Secretary), T. Burden (Director), A. Forbes (Director), W. Jones (Director), R. G. Williamson, C. Hunt (Director), J. H. Gunter (Director), G. W. Armitage (Director), Dr. Bryans (Club Doctor), J. R. Smiles (Director, Vice-Chairman). 3rd row—Jack Bingley (Trainer), W. H. Tucker, R. Kinlin, W. Brown, Steve Bloomer, Col. T. G. Poole (Chairman), Alf Common (Captain), F. Wilcox, J. Thackray, F. Priest, J. Tinsley (Assistant Trainer), 4th row—W. Barker, E. Hanlon, T. Murray, H. Shand, J. McNaughton, W. Thompson, S. Aitken.

Photo, P.I.P

LADIES' HOCKEY—KENT v. CAMBRIDGESHIRE: At Bickley last week Kent beat Cambridgeshire by 2 goals to nil. The photo shows Cambridgeshire intercepting a dangerous rush.

THE HUMOURS AND DANGERS OF STEEPLECHASE RIDING.

world, *pro tem.*—passes the post, victorious by a neck.

Par parenthèse, let us not forget the reverse side of the medal. You *may* pass the post, on occasions, plastered from head to heel with black mud, and on foot.

There is a price to be paid, a toll levied, in almost every sport (bar croquet), and, without going the length of saying that the presence of danger enhances the enjoyment, yet one may certainly claim that that element makes better and more soldierly men of those who take part in it. South Africa in recent years spoke volumes for the steeplechase rider and hunting man, and as far back as the remote Peninsula, Wellington imported a pack of hounds to his winter quarters, and testified that they who best chased the fox were ever foremost in following the French.

Even allowing that steeplechase riding is perhaps the most dangerous of all our British national sports, confessing it to be the roughest of all the games we play, the death-roll is not, after all, such a very long one. Men take a good deal of killing when they are in hard training.

I have had my fair share of accidents, and have broken ribs, collar-bone (repeatedly), one arm twice, knee-cap, and once sustained slight concussion of the brain, but have never been dangerously injured in my life, except once when a horse rolled on me. I suppose we are all pretty tough, and breaking a bone does not cause nearly so much pain as most people seem to imagine.

Of course, one must exercise one's discretion (after the age of five-and-twenty; before that, one hasn't any!) in accepting mounts: which reminds me of the stately "cheek" a well-known owner of racehorses displayed towards myself on one occasion. I had just ridden in the first race of the day, and was in the jockeys' dressing-room getting "clothed and in my right mind," when the gentleman in question, in a high state of perturbation, rushed in and exclaimed:

"I've two horses entered for races here to-day. My jockey has just failed me. Will you take the mount?"

I asked him which horses they were, and he informed me. Then he added, with the greatest calmness:

"I don't think that either of them can jump the course; I expect both will fall—I'm quite certain one will!"

I told him the prospect was too alluring, that I felt myself wholly unworthy of the honour he proposed doing me, and wound up by suggesting that he should offer the mounts to someone who wanted either to earn a V.C. or commit suicide.

Generally speaking, I should say that memories of one's first steeplechase are hardly of a satisfactory order. At this distance of time I don't mind confessing that my own initial effort very nearly turned the hair grey of the luckless man who owned my mount.

The owner, whom we will call Mr. A., adjured me, by all I held dear, to come along and win as far as I could. He informed me, in lachrymose tones, that he had "put on" the family plate, the money for the water-rates, and anything else he could lay hands on, and that if Rollicker (that wasn't the horse's right name, but no matter) didn't win he could never face his wife and family again.

I nodded casually, and, with the glorious confidence born of youth (I was but fifteen) and inexperience, mentally decided that my patron was an old ass, and that I would "cut it fine" and win, after a close finish.

Accordingly I lay off, about fourth or fifth, throughout the most part of the race, never troubling myself to go up to the leaders until we were about fifty yards from the winning post, and then I "sat down and rode," intending to win by about half a length. Rollicker overhauled all his horses but one, and, do what I would, I could not decrease the distance between us by an inch! It was a very cold day, but the sweat of horror simply poured off me as I felt my horse becoming, in turf parlance, "stony." He *could not* go any faster!

I had just begun to think that emigration would be preferable to facing the awful wrath of my owner when—who shall tell of the delirious joy I felt at the sight?—I saw the leader falter and commence to drop rapidly back. I rode desperately, but had it not been for the other tiring to nothing, most assuredly I should never have "got up." I *did* get up, however, and eventually won by a short head, when I *ought* to have done so by a good half-dozen lengths!

The training of steeplechase horses for their work necessarily involves something more than the attention given to the flat-racer.

And now just one more tale, and I have finished.

A most respected trainer, for whom I had occasionally ridden, was an extremely nervous, fidgety man. On one occasion he had got hold of a very rough specimen of the professional jockey to ride one of his horses in a steeplechase, and whilst we were walking our horses down to the post, in a bleak and bitter March wind, I overheard the following:

Trainer: "Now, lay off till you get to the foot of the hill, then——"

Jockey: "Yes, all right, I know."

Trainer: "And you're not to come with him till——"

Jockey: "All right, guv'nor; all right" (blowing on his blue fingers to get a little warmth into them).

Trainer: "And mind you keep quite cool——"

Jockey (fairy roused): "Garn and stuff yerself! 'Ow could I keep anythink else, in only a thin silk jacket, a day like this!"

HISTORIC CHRISTMASES: How Kings of Britain have Celebrated the Anniversary in the Past.

On December 25th, 1066, William the Conqueror was crowned at Westminster by Aldred, Archbishop of York, the Recognition, with which the Coronation service opens, is a relic of the feudal acknowledgment of a rightful heir's claim. It takes the form of a question by the Archbishop, addressed four times to the assembled people, whether they will accept the Sovereign. Assent is given by loud and repeated acclamations, began by ancient custom by the Queen's Scholars at Westminster. The shouting in the case of William I. caused the Normans outside the church to fear a riot, and led to a massacre of the Saxon inhabitants of Westminster. On December 25th, 1497, the great Portuguese explorer, Vasco de Gama, landed in Natal, and hence called it Terra Natalis. Before starting on his travels he received from the hands of the King a standard, which he afterwards planted on newly-discovered soil.

THE Kings of England until comparatively recent times seem to have kept Christmastide as a time for feasts and junketings. We imagine we do such things pretty well nowadays, what with our Guildhall functions and State banquets in St. George's Hall, Windsor; but our earlier monarchs had much bigger ideas on the subject. Richard II., for example, the pusillanimous King whom Mr. Tree is realising so superbly at His Majesty's, kept no fewer than two thousand cooks, and when Christmas came he let all those gentry of the cap and apron have their fling. At one Christmas banquet, in Westminster Hall, he feasted ten thousand persons. At another he had for his guests the captive King of France and David, King of Scotland. At a third, in the same hall, he sat at the table robed in cloth of gold garnished with precious stones.

Right Royal Christmases.

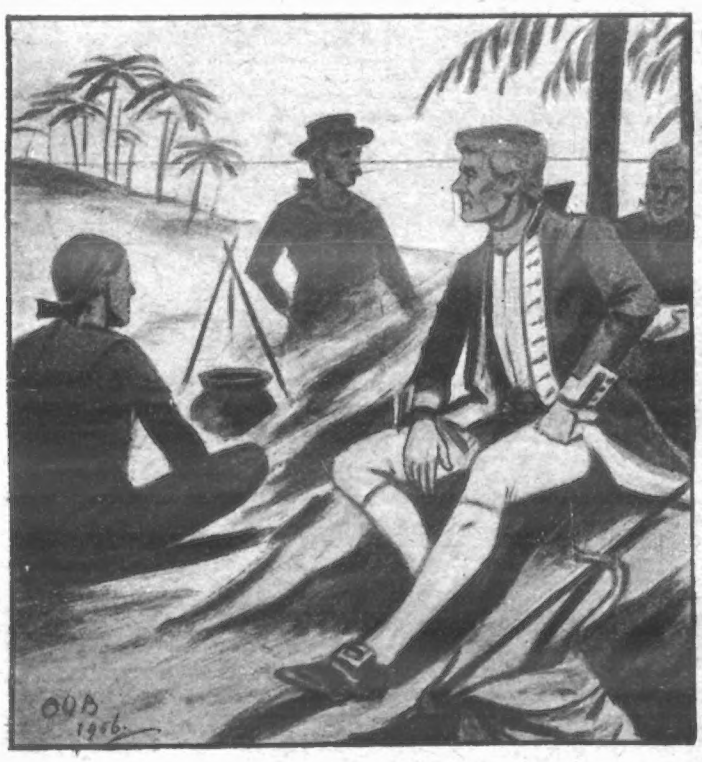
Westminster Hall, indeed, was the scene of many a Christmas feast presided over by an English King. The warrior monarch, Edward IV., held one there in 1478 with great pomp, so did Richard III.—he of the Crooked Back—John, and Henry VII. Many Kings kept the festival regularly at Windsor. It was there, on a Christmas Day, that Edward III. established the Order of the Garter. A large wooden house was erected in Dublin for the Christmas feast of Henry II. Other country towns were honoured by the presence of monarchs on Christmas Day. Henry III., happening to be at Gloucester, ordered the sheriff to obtain twenty salmon to put into the Royal Christmas pies. Nottingham was the scene of a gorgeous Christmas banquet given by Edward II. in 1324. Richard II.—the monarch of the 2,000 cooks—startled Lichfield, in 1398, by presiding over a series of Yuletide orgies, at which two hundred tuns of wine and two thousand oxen were consumed. Henry I. improved the festive occasion at Windsor by feeding all the poor of the city.

Pomp and Feasting.

A few of our Kings celebrated Christmas away from the homeland. Richard the Crusader kept one of his in Sicily, *en route* to Palestine. Henry VI. enjoyed one in Paris, and Henry V. one at Rouen. All Queen Elizabeth's Christmases were kept with great pomp and feasting. One she celebrated in the Inner Temple with plays and masques. The Inns of Court entertained Charles I. to a Christmas masque, which cost £2,400.

Uncomfortable Royal Christmases.

Tragic events marked two Royal Christmases. William the Conqueror (who was crowned on Christmas Day, 1066) made for ever memorable the Christmas he spent at York in 1069 by devastating the country between York and Durham and putting many of its inhabitants to death; and King Alfred, while keeping Christmas at Chippingham, Wiltshire, a thousand years ago, was attacked by Guthrum and his Danes and compelled to fly to the Isle of Athelney.



On December 25th, 1777, Captain Cook discovered the uninhabited island of Christmas. He spent the day exploring the island, which proved to have nothing but a few palm trees on it. The island was named by Captain Cook after the day on which it was discovered. In 1419 Henry V. was besieging Rouen. The garrison was very short of food, so they drove the poor out of the town. Henry could not let them through his lines, so they were obliged to live in the moat as best they could. He was too humane to let them starve, and gave them a little food, and on Christmas Day he made a little feast for them.

His Worship's Christmas Dinner.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.

Although severe on luckless knaves,
Whose sins he hears in court,
The judge his harsher manner waives
While sipping ancient port.

And when his wig is out of place,
And jokes begin to fly,
Bet owns his grim old "hanging face"
Has got a killing eye.

Toyland.

THE Christmas shops have paid even more attention than usual this year to the children's requirements, and the plate-glass windows full of the most fascinating wares, as well as the magical bazaars and fairs, have opened to the little folk a long vista of enjoyment culminating only on Christmas Eve. Train-land, animal-land and doll-land have all had a most ardent following, and really the toys are in many cases of such marvellous description that even grown-ups heartily enter into the fun of the thing and thoroughly enjoy the display, especially when the mechanical toys are set to show what they can do. A smart little novelty is the boxing man, and this tiny doll pugilist boxes away with a will, albeit he pits himself against no opponent but the air.

How to Dress a Christmas Tree.

ARTIFICIAL Christmas trees have also proved a most happy idea. With strong branches which bend up for packing, gradually increasing in size, they range in price from 1s. to 6s. 11d. These trees are fitted with holders for candles, and nothing could be prettier than to see its every branch illuminated and decorated with light and fairy ornamentation. It is a mistake to hang any but the smallest and daintiest presents on a tree. Bright and glittering baubles of no particular value will often achieve a better effect than the most costly gifts. Useful and heavy articles for presents may be set out on little tables dotted about the room in which the Christmas tree plays such an important part. Each member of the family may have their own table covered with a pretty cloth and decorated with a vase of flowers, a fairy light or shaded candle, gilded nuts, oranges, trails of tinsel, and coloured paper, gold and silver and iridiscent balls, threads of scarlet wool tangled about the tree and pinches of cotton wool to imitate snow all go to make up a fascinating exterior to the Christmas tree. Fancy printed crackers hung here and there amid the branches, tiny bunches of artificial flowers, such as violets and geraniums and sweetmeats in coloured muslin bags will add variety to the show. It is hardly possible to over-estimate the fun and frolic to be obtained from a Christmas tree, and at a children's party it provides quite sufficient entertainment of itself.

Lace caps for boudoir wear are becoming more and more fashionable. Some of the most becoming shapes are easily achieved by clever fingers. About three quarters of a yard of Valenciennes piece lace makes a good foundation to start upon. This must have two of the corners (at the oblong end) carefully rounded off with the scissors, and then the entire piece must be frilled around with Valenciennes lace edging about an inch or an inch and a half wide. About four yards of lace should be sufficient. When this is accomplished, that end which has already been curved by the scissors must be gathered up by a needle and thread to frame the face. Run the thread along about half an inch distant from where the lace border has been gathered on, and cover the thread by a pretty twist of pale blue or pale pink satin ribbon finished in becoming loops or rosettes. The cap will now frame the face very prettily and two square ends will hang down upon the shoulders. These may be further embellished by having a tiny bow or rosette sewn into the centre of each corner, and if one or two pleats are made in the piece lace at the same spot, the effect will be considerably improved.

Roast Turkey.

HAVE the tendons drawn from the legs, and the turkey well prepared and trussed. Make some good veal or chestnut stuffing. For the former use six ounces of breadcrumbs and finely-chopped suet, a teaspoonful each of parsley, thyme, and marjoram, half a teaspoonful of lemon rind, and salt and pepper to taste. Mix all together and bind with three raw eggs. Put the stuffing into the skin of the neck, secure it tightly, cover the turkey with caul or buttered paper, and roast at a distance of eighteen inches from a clear fire. A turkey weighing twelve pounds will take three hours. When nearly done, remove the paper, sprinkle the turkey with fine salt, dredge with flour and froth it well, using fresh butter. Serve with good gravy and fried sausages round, and hand bread sauce in a tureen.

Photo, Dover Street Studios.

MISS LILY MILLS, who is appearing at the Richmond Theatre in a pretty little sketch, entitled "A Half-way Kiss."

MATED IN A SHOW-CASE—ROMANCE OF A PHOTOGRAPH: Herr Hugo Kruger, a wealthy young Berliner, recently had his photograph taken. As it proved an artistic production, the photographer obtained permission to exhibit it in his show-case. Chaffed by his friends that his photograph was hanging next to that of a very pretty girl, Herr Kruger was curious enough to visit the studio, and, struck by the beauty of his partner in the show-case, he inquired her name, and soon found means to make her acquaintance. Herr Kruger's engagement to Fraulein Behrendt has just been announced.

Preserved Violets.

BOIL one pound of loaf sugar with a small quantity of water until, when dropped into cold water or on a plate, it becomes brittle. Have ready some large double violets, freed from the stalks, and drop into the syrup a few at a time; leave them there till the syrup boils. Stir the sugar round the edge of the pan until it looks white and grainy, then gently stir the flowers till the sugar leaves them. Set the violets on a sieve, and place in a cool oven to dry. When quite cold, store in tins.

A Family Friend.

Ladies will be interested to learn that the Lemco Company have arranged with the publishers of Mrs. Beeton's "Household Management" (price 7s. 6d.) to give a copy free of charge in exchange for weight coupons representing 5lb. of Lemco, if collected before March 31st next. All Lemco jars bear a little round coupon on top of the cork under the capsule, and it is these coupons which are available for the "Household Management." The Lemco Company have always felt that the more they could interest ladies in cooking, the more popular Lemco would become, and, following on this policy they have given away millions of original cookery-books. Their latest is called "Lemco Dishes for All Seasons," in which chapters are devoted to articles in season each month, accompanied by recipes for serving. Anyone can obtain a copy of the Lemco Cookery-book by writing name and address on a Lemco wrapper and forwarding it to the Lemco Company, 4, Lloyd's Avenue, London, E.C.

Christmas Pudding.

For the benefit of our lady readers we give them the best recipe we know of for their Christmas plum-pudding. Take three-quarters of a pound of flour, two ounces of Borwick's baking-powder, two ounces of breadcrumbs, one pound and a half of suet, two pounds of raisins, one pound of currants, ten ounces of sugar, two ounces of almonds, one pound of mixed candied peel, salt and spice to taste. Mix the ingredients well together, and add six eggs, well beaten; and three-quarters of a pint of milk; divide in two, and boil eight hours.

Russian Toffee.

BOIL slowly for a quarter of an hour a tin of Swiss milk, with two pounds of coarse brown sugar, and a piece of butter the size of an egg. Stir constantly to prevent burning, add a teaspoonful of vanilla essence, and when done turn into a greased tin. Cut into squares when half cold.

Embroidery and Braiding.

NEVER were embroidery and braiding more popular than just now. Some of the new hats of velvet show embroidered crowns of satin, others have the brim embroidered also, while the inner brim only is lined with plain silk or velvet. Long hem-stitched streamers of chiffon or tulle still adorn many of the smartest chapeaux; but sweeping ends of ribbon seem to have superseded the American veil, and prove in reality more becoming, since chiffon and gauze soon lose their pristine freshness and assume a bedraggled appearance, and these delicate fabrics are quite unsuited to our damp, foggy climate, and in fact are only possible when constantly renewed at the expense of a very long purse.

Photo, Rita Martin.

MISS LILIAN BRAITHWAITE, who is playing with great success in "The Amateur Socialist" at the Criterion Theatre.

THE POLITE BURGLAR OF BATH.

The Royal School for Army Officers' Daughters on the heights of Lansdown, overhanging Bath, was the scene of a sensational burglary the other week, the chief incident being a bedroom interview between a polite burglar and a Miss Fox, one of the assistant-mistresses.

Miss Fox was sleeping alone in a room rather remote from the other bedrooms, when, at two in the morning, she was disturbed by a noise as if someone were moving near her bed. She called out, "Who's that?" There was no response, and she thereupon stretched out her arm, and to her horror felt a man standing close by the bed. She screamed, but no one heard her, and she asked, "What do you want?"

The man apologised for his intrusion, and politely asked for "Money."

She answered that she had none, and he said he would go away and not harm her if she would bring him some money on the following day. Miss Fox promised to do so, and arranged to meet him in the Royal Victoria Park at 2 p.m. As a pledge she gave her silver watch, with a silver chain and a little whistle attached, and these he promised to return on receiving the money. He then left.

The police were informed, and the rest of the story was told before the magistrate, when John Wilson, described as a fireman, was charged with burglary and with stealing a watch-chain and whistle. The lady principal of the school related how she kept the Victoria Park appointment instead of Miss Fox, who was ill.

She carried an envelope in her hand, on which was written "J. Johnson," which appears to have been the name given to Miss Fox by her nocturnal visitor. The defendant accosted her, and said: "I'm the person you want. You have got something for me."

The lady replied: "I have come to tell you that you will get no money. You could not expect that a young lady would be allowed to send you such a sum."

After further parleying and attempts by the accused to get money, he handed over the articles and then walked briskly away. But a detective, who had been all the while in hiding, promptly arrested him.

Then comes the sequel to the remarkable story.

On being remanded by the magistrates, Wilson was conveyed to Shepton Mallet, but when he reached that town he skilfully escaped, despite the fact that he was handcuffed.

He asked the officer for permission to retire to a lavatory, and, when walking along the platform, suddenly darted on to the metals. The constable gave chase, but fell, his prisoner thus gaining a start and having the advantage of a fog.

Over a bridge ran Wilson, and reached a thirty-arched viaduct, where the officer nearly captured him. Here, hard pressed, the fugitive rolled down a steep bank, and the constable, following suit, fell, in the fog, against a telegraph post.

Wilson disappeared across country, and all trace of him has been lost.

For miles round police on cycles and on foot have been scouring the country; gamekeepers have searched the woods, and railwaymen on trucks have kept strict surveillance over the railway.

But all efforts have been unavailing. Wilson appears to have completely vanished.

1. The scene of the escape.
2. The town-crier announcing a reward for Wilson's capture.
3. Superintendent Spails, who is investigating the matter.
4. Shepton Mallet Station.
5. The boy who saw the escape and the stationmaster with a local constable.

Photos, Illustrations Bureau.

ATHLETICS.

The principal event in cross country circles last Saturday was, of course, the annual match between the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge. As usual, the race was decided over the seven and a half miles course of the Thames Hare and Hounds at Roehampton. The contest was noteworthy for its close finish and the beating of the course record by F. M. Edwards. The latter covered the distance in 41min. 57secs., the previous best, 42min. 17 4 5 secs., being made by A. R. Churchill in 1904. The course was in excellent order, though a trifle hard in places, and Edwards finished first by about 180yds.

Cambridge won by the lesser score of twenty-seven points to twenty-eight, their men occupying the first, third, fifth, eighth, and tenth places. S. P. B. Mais was the first Oxonian to pass the judges, and he ran very well indeed, covering the course in 42min. 35sec. The second Cantab home, A. H. Pearson, ran rather disappointingly, for his finishes with Edwards have generally been very close. He was placed third in 42min. 37 2-5sec., time which he has beaten in the past.

A very interesting match took place between Dublin University and London United Hospitals at Meadowbrook (Dublin), but the medicals never had a look in, being easily beaten by ten points to twenty-six. At Croydon the South London Harriers' "Croydon" Cup was won by F. A. Knott, and the accompanying handicap fell to A. W. Hog, whose start was 1min. 20sec.

A much-talked-of event in athletic circles was the five miles race across country between the two famous walkers, J. Butler and T. E. Hammond. The former is the holder, and the latter an ex-holder, of the London to Brighton walking record. Butler was no match for his rival, and Hammond beat him easily. The "Page" Challenge Cup of the Ranelagh Harriers was decided at Putney Heath. The race is a handicap, and A. J. Cooper, with 2min. 30sec. start, passed the judges first.

The Epsom Harriers had a seven miles handicap at Epsom. F. A. Duplock (4min. start) was the winner, F. Clayton being second, and F. J. Steadman third. The Finchley Harriers got through a good afternoon's work at Neasden, a five miles handicap being the bill of fare. In this J. K. Kempton was successful, his start being 4min., and he was followed home by H. S. Taplin and H. Wright in the order named.

The Watford Athletic Club's handicap was also over five miles. J. Munt won from the 2min. mark. The scratch man, H. A. Freeman, was second, and R. Brown third. The Kent Athletic Club's scratch race for the Dewar Challenge Cup was secured by A. Williams, his time being 27min. 30sec., and G. F. Billingsley, with a handicap allowance of 4 min. 15sec., won the five miles handicap of the Wigmore Harriers.

The West End Athletic Association decided a four miles handicap at Neasden. H. G. Price, Harrodian A.C., secured first prize, with a start of 1min. 30sec., and the members of the Polytechnic Harriers indulged in a novelty in the shape of an inter team race amongst their own members, J. G. Beale and G. Guy Holdaway dead-heating for first place, and De C. Cookson's team being successful. The Crouch End Harriers' four miles handicap went to H. Simkins, who had a start of 3min. 40sec.

Many surprises were forthcoming in the games of the first division of the League. For Middlesbrough, the bottom club in the list, to beat Stoke by 5 goals to nil was, indeed, an eye-opener; yet, but for L. R. Roose, the tally might have been much heavier. Then, again, Woolwich Arsenal were hardly expected to beat Everton after their severe defeat of the preceding week by Birmingham, yet they won by 3 goals to 1, and Sunderland won at Bury for the first time since 1899, though only by 3 goals to 2, and it is worthy of note that no fewer than three of the winning clubs scored five goals.

Wear Walton's

GOOD CLOTHES.

New Autumn and Winter Goods now on show. Unequalled in Design, Quality, and Value.

Overcoats, to measure, from - 29/6
Stylish Suits " " - 34/6

Patterns and Easy Instructions for Self-Measurement post free.

ISAAC WALTON & CO., LTD.,
97-101 Newington Causeway, S.E

You cannot possibly have a better Cocoa than

EPPS'S

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

COCOA

You will find it the very Cocoa you want.

BENSON'S

Selected

GEM RINGS.

LARGEST STOCK IN THE WORLD.

Best Quality. Lowest Prices.

The "Times" system of

MONTHLY PAYMENTS

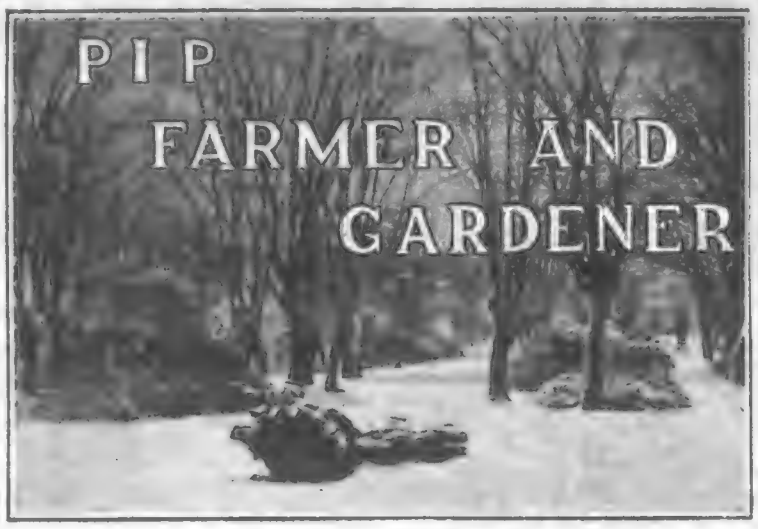
is available.

BENSON'S do not charge extra for buying this way.

ILLUSTRATED BOOKS FREE. No. 1, of Watches, Chains, Jewellery, and Rings (with size card). No. 2, of Clocks, "Imperial Plate," &c. No. 3, of Silver Articles for Presents.

STEAM FACTORY:

62 & 64 LUDGATE HILL, E.C.



Gun Sport on the Farm.

It is the time of year when the tenant farmer and the farmer's boys come in for their share of gun sport. "Will Jan and the boss come ferreting rabbits to-morrow at 10 o'clock?" is the message which neighbour Smith's milk-boy leaves at our farm this morning. Will they! Rather! Why, it is the first time out for Jan with his new gun. The boss who gave it to him on his last birthday, and has since been teaching him how to use it, will feel proud of Jan to-morrow. Of course Jan has bowled over many a rabbit since his father put him in the way of "holding well forward and taking them in the head," which is the only sporting way of stopping a bun-jack properly. But this, to-morrow, will be different. First of all there will be Jan's gun to hand round. Everyone present will handle it and shoulder it, and opine that it ought to hit 'em. If there is an envious youngster present he will probably offer Jan a tempter by tossing his cap up. Now Jan will be up to this, and has had many an old cap tossed up, so it is a rueful Willie who picks up all that Jan's charge of No. 6 at 25 yards has left of his cap

Ferreting.

What is it? You town-bred sports who have such a keen relish for lounging around the football fields have no idea how the sight of a ferret popping his head into a burrow can quicken one's sporting instincts. It is no poaching game this, with nets down, and dogs ready to snap whatever escapes them. You take your stand, gun in hand, 15 yards or so out from the hedgerow where the burrows are, and when the ferret is put in by the labourer, who has been told off to work it, and the rabbits bolt, you get your sporting shots at them as they come. There is no one to tell you that a rabbit is just coming. The tense strain at closest attention will barely serve one unless one is very quick with the gun, and yet so sure that one can give oneself plenty of time to lay it on well forward of the scurrying, twisting, and rapidly vanishing rabbit. It is two to one that one gets him, even then if there be several burrows close by. He knows where the through bolt-holes are better than we do, and he will slip through one and out behind the hedge bank, what time we lower the gun in disappointment, and is off and out of shot before we can put it up again.

Long Shots.

Forty yards is a fairly long shot for a 12-bore cylinder barrel, and a charge of 1¼oz. of shot. With a choke or modified choke one may bowl them over dead at 45 to 50 yards. With one of those converted Mauser guns one can generally pot them at 60 or even 70 yards. Now there is a rub for the gun-makers. These old Boer rifles rebored into sporting shot-guns beat any other guns in existence at long shots, no matter whether they cost £2 or £20. Of course, at short range they smash rabbits badly, but it is possible to cure them of that by shortening the barrels 2in. or 3in., and so allowing them to spread the shot more widely. True, this Mauser is a single barrel. We, as sporting farmers, would not care to show up with one at a pigeon-shooting match, or at an invitation evening on the Squire's rookery. All the same, we would back that same single barrel to do more execution at long range at either than any tip-top double gun—that is, shot for shot, both guns being in expert hands.

Up-to-Date Guns.

We pulled an old muzzle-loading gun barrel out of the mud at the bottom of a ditch the other day. Possibly it had been tossed in there once upon a time by some poacher in a hurry! It still wears the nipple for caps, but we are afraid it is too far gone to convert. Since the days of this class of sporting gun there have been many improvements in quickness of firing, in safety of the weapon when charged, and in greater handiness of both gun and ammunition. Now we are using, what is perhaps the latest and best innovation, a gun that costs less than 50s., and which ejects the empty cases of the cartridges—either or both barrels—and takes in loaded ones at only two movements, one when we press the lever and throw the breech open, and the second when we let go the lever as we throw up the stock to close the breech. By the by, by that same throw up of the stock when loading, do we know a careful man with a gun. He who throws up the barrels instead of the butt of the gun includes a risk, in fact, several risks. It is a moot question whether a hammerless ejector is as safe, strong, and lasting a gun as is either a hammerless non-ejector or a hammer ejector. It is a settled question as to the two latter being strong and lasting, and it is equally settled as to the safety of the hammerless patterns. Perhaps there are hammerless guns made strong enough in the more delicate ejecting parts to bear a good lot of knocking about. We rather doubt it. And we also question the added utility. A hammerless non-ejector gun is preferable for all uses on the farm, at all events to an ejector that is not hammerless. What we farmers want in a gun is strength and safety.

Rabbit Warrens.

Being off or slack time on the farm, we suggest a pleasant holiday task, that of making a warren. It is seldom that a farm is wholly without rabbits. Clear them all off to-day, they will be here again soon. If the farmer does not shoot or care for a friend coming to shoot, he does not want the rabbits, and he will try to stamp them out. That phase of farming spirit is, however, rare. Generally there is a gun kept, and some ferrets. Tenant farmers can all now do as they please about gun sport and rabbits, thanks be! But about the warren, and the need of one. Rabbits do get into hedgerows where we don't want them, and they will not always take to places where we wish they would. Rabbits will not burrow willingly in clay, more especially when the clay is below the level or rain-flooding surface. Therefore, if we want rabbits on the farm we must make the soil and the places we would like to see them occupy suit them. A mound of sandy earth on a dry spot in the middle of a field, with burrows laid by packing the sods so as to form runs, will soon attract rabbits. We can improve the site by putting down a few logs and faggots, or a load or two of thorns. A dry bank facing south on the edge of a wood or the border of a home field can soon be riddled with artificial runs connecting more or less, and a rabbit or two turned down to breed there. They have a lot of natural foes, or rabbits would soon swarm everywhere. It is safe to say that of every hundred wild rabbits born not more than ten grow up. Cats, dogs, stoats, and weasels, owls and hawks, and foxes, all prey for choice on young rabbits. Many of the young ones die through being dragged out of the nest by the mother and being unable to get back. Nearly every young wild rabbit takes, at least once in its lifetime, that fearsome disease called scour, of which so many die. We invite inquiries on this subject.

"Darby and Joan."

Photo, Hamilton.

BEAR HUNTING IN RUSSIA: This illustration shows the St. Petersburg Bear Hunting Club's first bag of the season. Seven large bears were accounted for and the hunt was attended by a number of the Russian nobility.

Replies in Brief.

W. H. N. B.—You ask an opinion as to best breeds of poultry for everlasting layers. There are several non-sitting sorts so called. We make our own by selecting good farmyard layers, and in crossing them with the wyandotte and Lincolnshire buff, or the buff Orpington. The best time to send chickens to market is all the year round. That means that you must be a regular sender if you want to get a regular price. This plan suits egg producing, which is best kept up to full time by hatching at all seasons. Winter chickens pay the best. Books will not do you much good; get experience. As to a suitable three acres, you will have to get into some outlying part, and look about unless you are prepared to pay, and if you buy land dear, poultry farming will not pay for it. By all means avoid clay soil and low-lying land. A sunny slope on a down side makes an ideal farm for poultry. There are plenty of such places, but you will have to find them out, and to compete with all the local people who may be offering for them; remember that. Darby and Joan.

Don't Look Old.—With advancing years greyness increases. Stop this with Lockyer's Sulphur Hair Restorer, which darkens to the former colour and preserves the appearance. Lockyer's large Bottles everywhere.—[Advt.]

P.I.P. PLAYGOER: Some Unique Photos of "THE NEW ALADDIN."

No. 1 shows Miss Gertie Millar and Mr. Edmund Payne in a coster duet.

No. 2 shows Mr. Harry Grattan, Mr. Robert Nainby, and Mr. George Grossmith, junr.

No. 3 shows Mr. Edmund Payne and Miss Gaby Deslys.

This Year's Pantomime Songs.

In view of the approach of the festive season, pantomime producers are very busy at present selecting songs for their Christmas plays, says a writer in the *Daily Mail*.

According to Messrs. Francis, Day, and Hunter, the well-known music publishers, this year's pantomime ditties will be of a very pleasing nature, most of them, to use the professional phrase, "catchy and full of go."

"The star of the patriotic song," said they, in prophetic language, "will once more be in the ascendant, and one especially which promises to be very popular is the 'Good Old Union Jack.' The refrain, which possesses swing, lilt, and patriotic vigour, runs thus:

Makes no diff'rence where you wander,
Makes no diff'rence where you roam;
You don't have to stop and ponder
For a place to call your home.
When they ask where you were born, lad,
Speak right up and answer back,
That you're proud of your own dear Motherland,
And the good old Union Jack!

"Pathetic songs are said by some people to be out of date nowadays," said our representative. "Is this the case?"

"For some years fewer have been sung than formerly," was the reply, "but 'In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree' has revived the public taste for that kind of song, and it has been followed by one which will be sung all over the country soon. It is called 'Boy Blue' (why, it is difficult to make out), and the first verse begins as follows:

Boy Blue, to-night I'm sending
A message across the spray.
Boy Blue, the old folks want you.
You've been such a while away.
Don't let the quarrel keep you
From dad who still loves you true,
Though far apart, you're still in his heart,
His own little Boy Blue.

Chorus.

Dear hearts are longing to greet you again,
Don't keep them waiting, waiting in vain;
Night-time and day-time they're thinking of you,
Send them a little message, do, Boy Blue.

"A song that is sure to make a big hit this year is the new Irish ditty, 'Arrah Wanna,'" said our informant. "The idea is quaint and well carried out, and the chorus is very catchy. A 'broth of a boy' makes love to a maid, who, of course, must needs hail from a foreign clime:

'Mid the wild and woolly prairies,
Lived an Indian maid—
Arrah Wanna, queen of the fairies,
Of her tribe afraid.
Each night came an Irish laddie, O,
With a wedding ring;
He would sit outside her tent,
And with his bagpipes loudly sing:

Chorus.

"Arrah Wanna, on my honour, I'll take care of you;
I'll be kind and true, we can love and bill and coo,
In a wigwam built of shamrock green,
We'll make those red men smile,
When you're Mrs. Barney Michael Carney,
From Killarney's isle."

Very pretty snow scene duets for the principal boy and girl will be possible with "Snowflakes." This would adapt itself particularly well to a troth plighting scene, say, outside the village church, while the snow came softly down:

Snowflakes, snowflakes, robing all the world in white,
Gently falling, falling in the grey twilight;
Snowflakes, snowflakes, soon will fade away, we know,
But my love will not fade, little maid, little maid,
Like the snow, snow, snow!

"There's a Man in Manitoba" is a song for principal boys. For the inevitable parting scene it is particularly suitable:

"I'm off to Manitoba!" faltered a youth one day,
"I'll emigrate, I'll try my fate, I'll find or make a way";
Clasping his sweetheart closely,
Sadly their fond lips met,
"Mavis," he cried, "ere seas divide,
Promise you won't forget."

Chorus.

There's a man, man, man in Manitoba,
Lonely, so lonely;
A man, man, man in Manitoba,
And to him you've pledged your word;
There's a man, man, man in Manitoba,
Slaving and saving,
Building a nest in the far, far West,
For his own little English bird.

This song has a very swinging and haunting refrain, and it is probable that every tradesman's boy will be whistling it this Christmas with a greater or less degree of spirit in proportion to the magnitude of the tips he receives.

But perhaps the most popular of all will be "Hyacinth":

A little boy was crying o'er a flower that was dying,
A little hyacinth that drooped its lovely head.
His mother was condoling, and with tender words consoling.
"Your pet will come again, my dear," she said.
"The bulb will soon be speeding, but with gentle care and keeping
Will blossom out afresh for you next year;
Restrain your tears from starting, it is not a final parting,
But only au revoir to Cynthie dear."

"Au revoir, my little Hyacinth,
Au revoir, my Cynthie dear,
Don't lose heart, you know we only part,
To meet again next year;
I know that you can trust me,
Of you I have no fear,
And ev'ry day that you're far away,
I'll be thinking of you, Cynthie dear."

The lad to manhood growing, as a soldier now was going,
To fight against a scornful foreign Power,
Once more his heart felt breaking at the sorrows of leave-taking,
Another Hyacinth, but not a flower.
He felt her heart was throbbing as she murmured 'midst her sobbing,
"It seems so hard that we must say good bye."
And then he recollected, how much he had respected,
That old-time phrase to which his thoughts would fly.
Chorus as before.

"Sindbad" at Drury Lane.

At Drury Lane Sindbad will be impersonated by Mr. Walter Passmore; Hindbad, another very important character, being taken by Miss Queenie Leighton. Sindbad will be blessed with a wife, played by Mr. Harry Randall, who accompanies him on at least one voyage, and also a daughter, who will be the "principal girl," a part entrusted to Miss Marie George.

THE EDITOR TO HIS FRIENDS.

What Would You Do If You Were the Doctor?

Last week I gave you a nice little problem to consider and discuss—"Shall Boys and Girls be Educated together?" I am going to give you another problem to think about this week, and I should like to have a post-card expressing the conclusions at which you eventually arrive. I may as well take this opportunity to thank all those readers who were kind enough to send me a card last week. Their kindness was much appreciated.

The problem this week is a knotty one. It is the problem of a conflict in a doctor's mind between his duty to the patient by whom he is paid, and his duty to the public who are confronted with a grave danger. The story is told in the *British Medical Journal*, a weekly newspaper which is published for circulation amongst medical men.

Photo, Bolak.

FATHER CHRISTMAS.

Here is the story as told in the current issue of the paper:

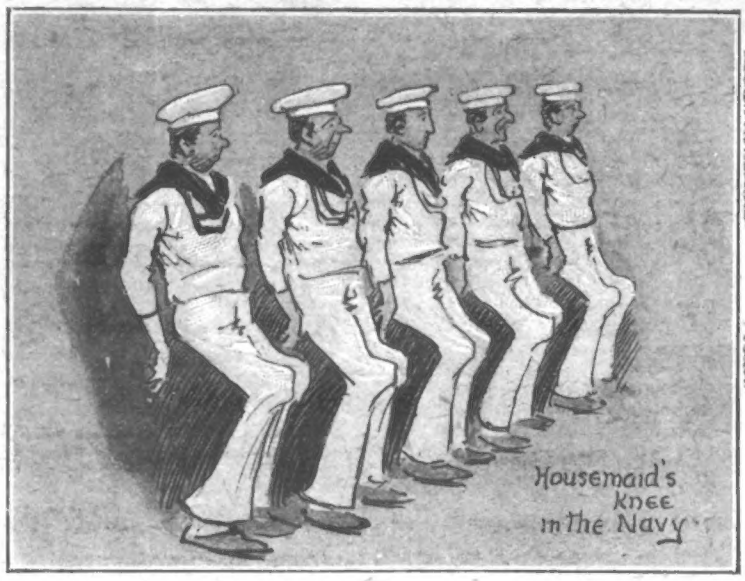
"Whole-time Medical Officer of Health writes: A medical practitioner has consulted me under the following circumstances:—He is attending a railway signalman for asthma. The attacks come on suddenly, and are so severe that the patient falls on the floor struggling for breath and is totally incapacitated for an hour or longer. He has not yet had an attack in his signal-box, where he is on duty alone, sometimes for many hours at a time.

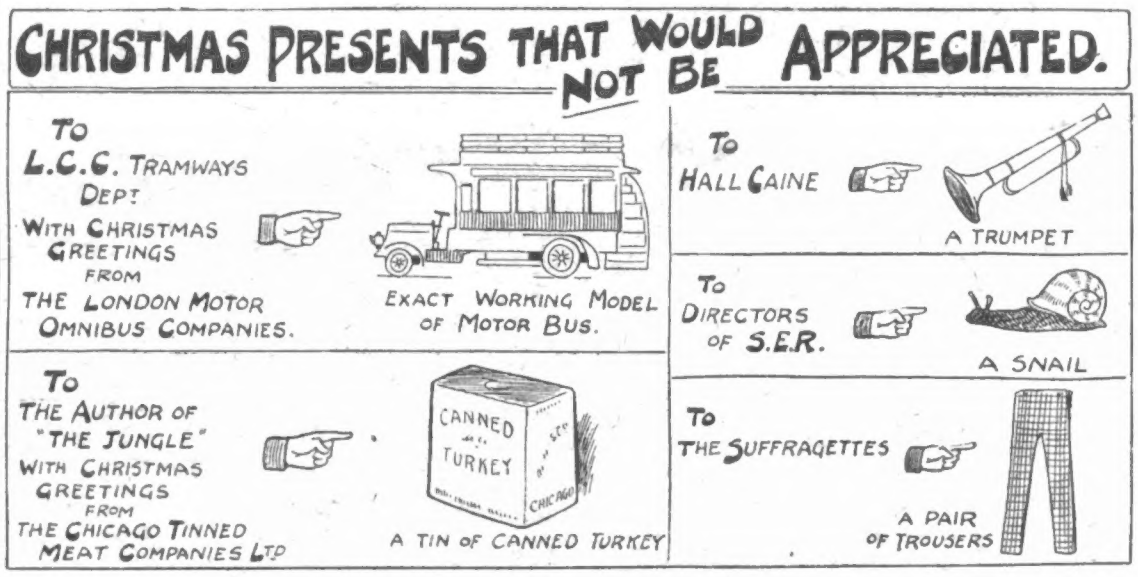
"The man declines to inform the railway company of his illness, thinking it would result in his discharge, or at least a reduction of wages. The doctor is afraid that if he reports the case to the railway company, who are not his employers, and are therefore not entitled to a report from him, he will have to stand an action for damages brought against him by the patient. On the other hand, he fears that unless he breaks the seal of professional secrecy there will probably be a railway accident, possibly on a large scale, as many London and other expresses traverse the line."

What would you do if you were that doctor? Here are three entirely different solutions. The doctor who reports the case to the *British Medical Journal* says: "I have advised him to make, in the public interest, a confidential report without delay to the general manager of the company, but as the doctor is reluctant to do this, I hope you will also give your advice as speedily as possible."

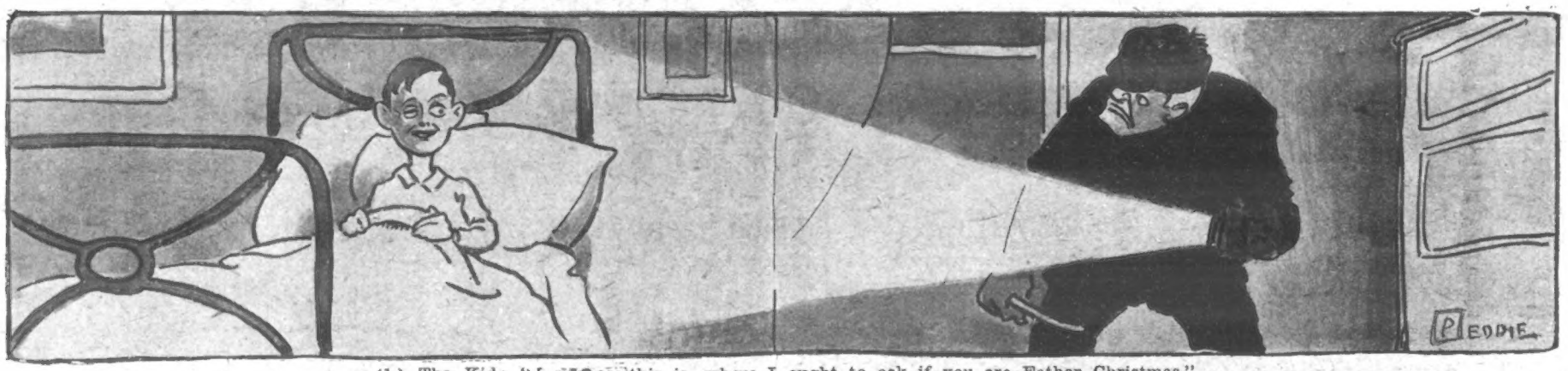
On the other hand, the editor of the paper says: "In our opinion the circumstances, extreme though they be, cannot be held to justify a breach of the law of professional secrecy. While the medical man should represent the criminal neglect of the patient if he does not explain his position to his employers, the former ought not to write direct to the railway company without the patient's consent, he fully understanding the nature of the communication to be made."

And lastly, a reader of the *Daily Mail*—which has drawn attention to



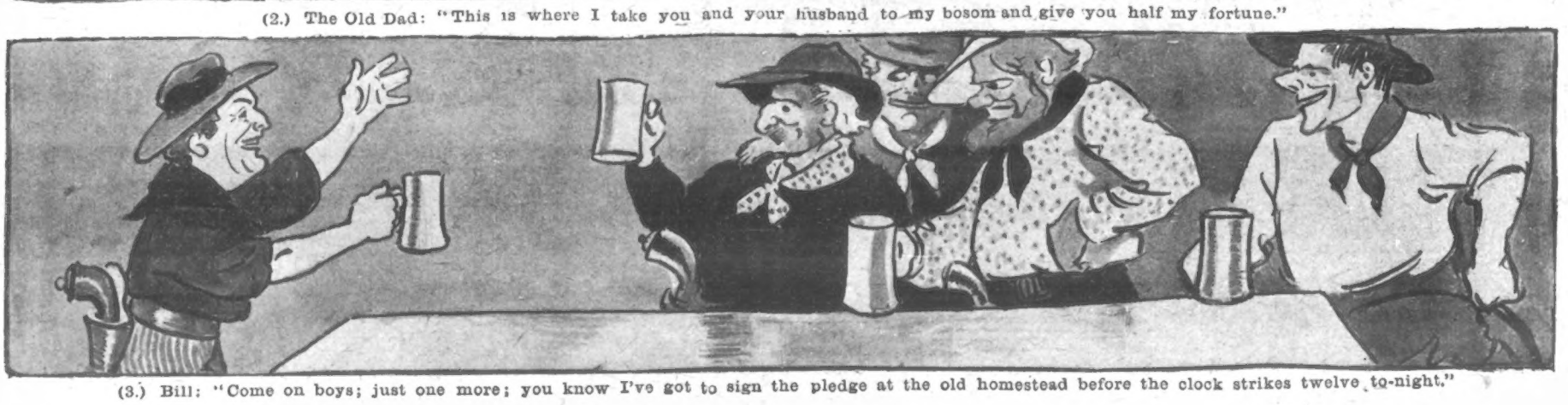


Christmas Stories in Tabloid Form.



(1.) The Kid: "I suppose this is where I ought to ask if you are Father Christmas."

(2.) The Old Dad: "This is where I take you and your husband to my bosom and give you half my fortune."



(3.) Bill: "Come on boys; just one more; you know I've got to sign the pledge at the old homestead before the clock strikes twelve to-night."

the case—says: "It is a very common predicament that medical men find themselves placed in—'Their duty to their patient and their duty to the public.' I fancy your average reader will begin a tirade against the wickedness of medical ethics, and I feel sure they will all unanimously agree that the doctor in question should at once notify the railway company of their employee's condition. It will never strike the writers to place themselves in the same position as the patient, and to ask themselves how they would like their own medical advisers to give away and make public their own particular state of health. The doctor in question is certainly placed 'between the devil and the deep sea.'"

I should like to know what the readers of the *Penny Illustrated Paper* think of this problem. Will you send me a post-card with your views on it? I will give some small gifts of penknives, etc., to the senders of the best post-cards. Address them to the "Editor, *Penny Illustrated Paper*, 18 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.," before Saturday, December 29th.

If there are any topics of general interest which you would like me to discuss in these columns; any interesting opinions of your own which you would like to make known; any criticisms of my notes which occur to you; or any subject on which you would like advice, do not hesitate to write to me. I am glad to hear from my readers as often as they choose to write.

VALENTIA STEER.

WEST HAM GUARDIAN FOUND SHOT.

VICE-CHAIRMAN SERIOUSLY INJURED

The deep interest excited in the affairs of the West Ham Guardians was last week accentuated by the discovery that Mr. Seckington, vice-chairman of the West Ham Board of Guardians, had been found in his bedroom shot in the head. He was discovered by his wife about three in the afternoon.

Mr. Seckington is an auctioneer, living at Leytonstone, which district he represented on the board. He was very well known in the neighbourhood, being a sidesman at the parish church, a Sunday-school superintendent, and a member of the Essex Imperial Yeomanry. The wound in his head was caused by a carbine bullet, and may have been due to accident. At West Ham Hospital last night he underwent a severe operation for the extraction of the bullet, and was in a precarious condition.

It should be stated that Mr. Seckington is not one of the guardians who are now under remand at Stratford Police-court on a charge of conspiracy to defraud.

The play in which Mr. Harry Nicholls is making a genuine return to the stage is a comedy in three acts by Mr. Charles Hannan, called "The Electric Man." The title part, which is undertaken by Mr. Nicholls, is something quite new, even to the thickly-peopled sphere of eccentric comedy, and it is good to hear at the beginning of this interesting enterprise at Miss Kate Santley's house in "the mazes of Soho," that the famous comedian is more than satisfied with what Mr. Hannan has written for him. Reverting to the subject of the engagements that Mr. Nicholls *didn't* fulfil, for reasons sufficiently obvious, the more mature playgoers of to-day may possibly remember the particulars of a very curious music-hall engagement secured by the comedian himself, while acting in a melodrama at Drury Lane. Mr. Nicholls appeared as a "young swell" anxious to shine as a music-hall star; and when someone in the play, seeing he was in rather higher spirits than usual, asked him if he had had any luck yet with the music-hall managers, he answered cheerfully: "Well, not exactly that; but I've bought a brougham and a basket!"

STAMMERING Effectually Cured by CORRESPONDENCE or PERSONALLY. Treatise Lent free.—N. H. MASON, 20 Fleet Street, London. Established 1876.

JAY'S

Furniture on Credit at Cash Prices.

OUR TERMS.

Worth.	Monthly.	Worth.	Monthly.
£5	2s.	£30	12s.
£10	4s.	£40	16s.
£15	6s.	£50	20s.
£20	8s.	£100	40s.

345 Kentish Town Road, N.W.
225 Westminster Bridge Road, S.E.
Cricklewood: 140 The Broadway.
Paddington: 219 Shirland Road, W.
Watford: 12 and 13 High Street.
Brighton: 127 Queen's Road.

TO LADIES—

Dodd's Drug Stores, Ltd., prepare a special pill for ladies' troubles which have never been known to fail in relieving the many ailments peculiar to women. For cold feelings, loss of appetite, depressed spirits, headache, palpitation, hysteria, sallow complexion, pains in the limbs, a relief is assured. In boxes, 1/1½, 2/9, 4/6, and 11/- each. Female Corrective Mixture, in bottles, 2/9, 4/6, and 11/- each. This mixture is recommended to be taken with or without the Pills. It gives prompt relief in all cases. From all Chemists or post free direct from

DODD'S DRUG STORES, LTD.,
70 Tottenham Court Rd., London, W.
And Branches.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S
Chlorodyne
is the best remedy known for
COUGHS, COLDS, ASTHMA,
BRONCHITIS, DIARRHŒA, NEURALGIA, RHEUMATISM, TOOTHACHE.
Admitted by the Profession to be the most valuable remedy ever discovered.
Of all Chemists, 1/1½, 2/9, and 4/6.

GRAMOPHONES,
PHONOGRAPHS, ORGANETTES,
MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS of every description.
EXCEPTIONAL VALUE.
CARRIAGE PAID.
Sent on Approval.

ORDERS BY POST Special Department.
Specially Low Terms for Instalments.
Free Catalogue. Over 350 Illustrations.
DOUGLAS & CO.,
84 King's Chambers, South St., London, E.C.

LONDON HIPPODROME.
TWICE DAILY, at 2 and 8 p.m.
An Entertainment of Unexampled Brilliance.

BIRKBECK BANK.
ESTABLISHED 1851.
SOUTHAMPTON BUILDINGS, HIGH HOLBORN, W.C.
2½ PER CENT. INTEREST allowed on Deposit Accounts.
2 PER CENT. INTEREST on Drawing Accounts with Cheque Book.
All general Banking Business transacted.
PROSPECTUS, with full particulars, POST FREE.
C. F. RAVENSCROFT, Secretary.

1½ BLANCHARD'S
Acknowledged by Doctors and the fair sex to be far superior to Pennyroyal, &c.,
ALL LADIES should try them, but be sure they are BLANCHARD'S. Thousands of testimonials.
In Boxes, 1/1½ and 2/9, of all Chemists, or post free with Booklet from LESLIE MARTYN, Ltd., Chemists, DALSTON LANE, LONDON.
APIOL & STEEL PILLS 2/9

Hayman's
CURES Balsam
COUGH & COLD
Sold Everywhere. 9½d., 1/-, 2/6.

TO LADIES
THE PARISIAN GOLDEN X-L PELLETS are a preparation of Superlative EXCELLENCE and STERLING MERIT, for the relief and cure of all Female Ailments, as proved by thousands of genuine testimonials.
FAR AND AWAY SUPERIOR to STEEL & PENNYROYAL, &c., &c.
Simply as an Advt., and to introduce these "Golden Pellets" into every home in the land, we will forward to the first 10,000 (ten thousand) applicants a 4s. 6d. size box for the nominal sum of 6d., post free and securely packed. Write to-day, as this offer is available for a very brief period.
THE PARISIAN X-L MEDICINE CO.
(Dept. 8), 90 Hazelbourne Road, London, S.W.

THE CITY PHARMACY,
27 Chancery Lane, London,
Actual Makers of Best and Cheapest Elastic and Indiarubber Goods. Illustrated Catalogue of Ladies' and Gentlemen's Surgical and Domestic Goods post free.
Box J, THE CITY PHARMACY,
27 Chancery Lane, London.

YOUR FUTURE IS KNOWN.
THE RESULT WILL ASTONISH YOU.
C. A. PEARSON, Esq., W. T. STEAD, Esq., and many other prominent public men and women have testified to the accuracy of Mr. Geo. Wilde's forecasts, and thousands of others have given testimonials. Send 1s. and 1d. stamp, together with year and date and time of birth (if possible). Satisfaction guaranteed or money returned. GEO. WILDE (Room T), 7 Southampton Row, London.

MISCELLANEOUS ADVERTISEMENTS
are inserted under this heading at the following rates:—
SITUATIONS VACANT - - - - - - 1d. per word.
SITUATIONS WANTED - - - - - - 1d. per word.

Old Artificial Teeth Bought; call or forward by post; full value by return.—Messrs. Browning, Manufacturing Dentists, 63 Oxford Street, London, W. (Est. 100 years.)

Pianos and Organs, new, second-hand, and returned hire. Cash, or 10s. 6d. per month, carriage paid. Call and inspect or send for catalogue.—Wm. Cooper, 747 Old Kent Road, London.

Ladies' High-class, Second-hand **Clothing**. Send for catalogue.—Madame Dupont, Wood Green London.

Billiard Tables, new, second-hand and returned from hire. Complete, 50s. to £50. best make; approval, cash or credit. Illustrated catalogue post free.—Empire Billiard Co., 755 Old Kent Road, London.

Free Teeth.—The Free Teeth Association has been formed to supply Teeth free to the deserving poor, and to supply those of limited means and servants by small weekly payments. For further particulars see page 15 *Weekly Times and Echo*, and for forms of application apply by letter to The Free Teeth Association, 177 Westminster Bridge Rd., London, S.E.

Ladies should send two stamps for our new and original Booklet, containing particulars of Herbal Remedies for all ailments. Recommended by physicians and ladies. Established 50 years. Only address, Northern Remedy Co., Chemists, 161 Seven Sisters Road, Holloway, London.

You can earn 1/- per hour.—Full particulars of employment, apply Y, 89 Aldersgate Street, E.C.

BLANCHARD'S PILLS of Apiol and Steel supersede pilocchia, bitter apple, pennyroyal, etc., and thousands of grateful letters have been received testifying to their efficacy. Recommended by eminent physicians. 1/1½ per box, post free, from Leslie Martyn Ltd., Chemists, 34 Dalston Lane, London.

Photo Post-cards of yourself, 1s. dozen. Catalogue and Samples Free.—Hackett, July Road, Liverpool, E.

Picture Post-cards, splendid variety. Send 2d. for samples and price list.—Stevenson, 6 St. German's Road, Forest Hill, London.

Parties.—If you want to entertain your friends properly you will find the necessary information for At Homes and all kinds of social gatherings in LITTLE ENTERTAINMENTS AND HOW TO MANAGE THEM, price 1s. 2d., post free, from the Publisher (E. Dept.), 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

Billiards.—Anyone who wants to get rid of the monotony of paying for the table can soon do so by procuring a copy of "Practice Strokes at Billiards," and play the strokes shown in the diagrams illustrating the various strokes. Price 1s. 2d., post free, from the Publisher (B Dept.), 17 Henrietta St., London, W.C.

Ladies, Gautier's Apiol Steel Pills are, without doubt, the best remedy ever offered for female irregularities and obstructions. The numerous testimonials received testify to their merits. They are strong, safe, sure, and speedy. Price, under cover, 1/3 and 2/9; extra strong, 4/6. Sample two stamps.—Baldwin and Co. (Chemist's Dept.), Electric Parade, Holloway, London.

15/- For ROOKS, PIGEONS, RABBITS
Single-Barrel, Hammerless, Breech-loading Shot Guns, converted from Government Rifles, and fitted to take the ordinary No. 12 Central Fire shot-cartridges; specially bored by an improved process for long distance shooting, 15/- each. Best quality, with self-ejecting action and pistol-grip stock, 20/-. Cartridges, 6/- 100. Double-barrel Breech-loaders from 29/-. Air Guns, 12/6. Walking Stick Guns, 12/6. Revolvers from 4/-. Send 3 stamps for Price List.
MIDLAND GUN CO., Price St., BIRMINGHAM.

Yorkshire Relish

The surest support to the flagging appetite

This truly delightful Sauce has been frequently called "The Best half of the Dinner." It proves its claim to that encomium by invariably calling forth the best qualities of the *other* half. Fish, flesh, fowl, or game never taste so delicious as when eaten in conjunction with Yorkshire Relish.

Sold Everywhere, 6d., 1s. and 2s.

PENNY ILLUSTRATED PAPER COUPON.
A capital cookery book, cloth bound and fully illustrated, sent post free in exchange for this coupon and a wrapper from a YORKSHIRE RELISH Bottle. Address:
GOODALL, BACKHOUSE & CO.,
LEEDS.

CANARIES FOR THE MILLION.

PRIZE BRED, Norwich, direct from their native city. Guaranteed songsters, 6s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 8s. 6d., and 10s. 6d. each. Hartz Mountain Rollers or Yorkshires same price. Pairs matched for Breeding, 7s. 6d., 8s. 6d., 10s. 6d., upwards. Norwich Hens, 2s., 3s., and 4s. each. Also every other variety mentionable for Exhibition, Breeding, and Song; all on approval. Travelling Cages 3d. extra. For Aviaries, Cages, and all Appliances, see my Amateur's Guide, free, 3 stamps. Best Bird Lime in the world, 4d. Illustrated List Catchers' Appliances, 1 stamp. Before purchasing elsewhere, see my free current price list and easy payment system, by joining my Bird Club; distance no object. Full particulars free. Patronised by Royalty.—W. RUDD, Bird Specialist, Norwich.

Best in 1787; Best ever since. A Test of Reliability. 100 Years' Reputation. FOR LADIES.
KEARSLEY'S ORICINAL WIDOW WELCH'S PILLS
Frequently ordered by Specialists.
Awarded Certificate of Merit for the cure of all obstructions, irregularities, anæmia, and all female complaints. They have the approval of the Medical Profession. Boxes 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d., of all Chemists, or by post, 1s. 2d. and 2s. 10d.—C. and G. KEARSLEY, 42 Waterloo Rd., London, S.E. *Insist on having Kearsley's.*

For More Than Twenty Years
DR. DAVIS'S
FAMOUS FEMALE PILLS
have been universally admitted to be a BOON TO WOMANKIND. They are the best-known Remedy for Anæmia, Giddiness, Fulness and Swelling after Meals, Loss of Appetite, Hysteria, Palpitation of the Heart, Debility, Depression, Weakness, and all Female Ailments. Boxes, 9d., 1/1½, 2/9, 4/6, and 11/-. May be had from Chemists and Patent Medicine Vendors everywhere, or from the PROPRIETOR (only address), 309 Portobello Road, Notting Hill, W.
DR. DAVIS'S invaluable little book SENT FREE on receipt of a stamped addressed envelope.

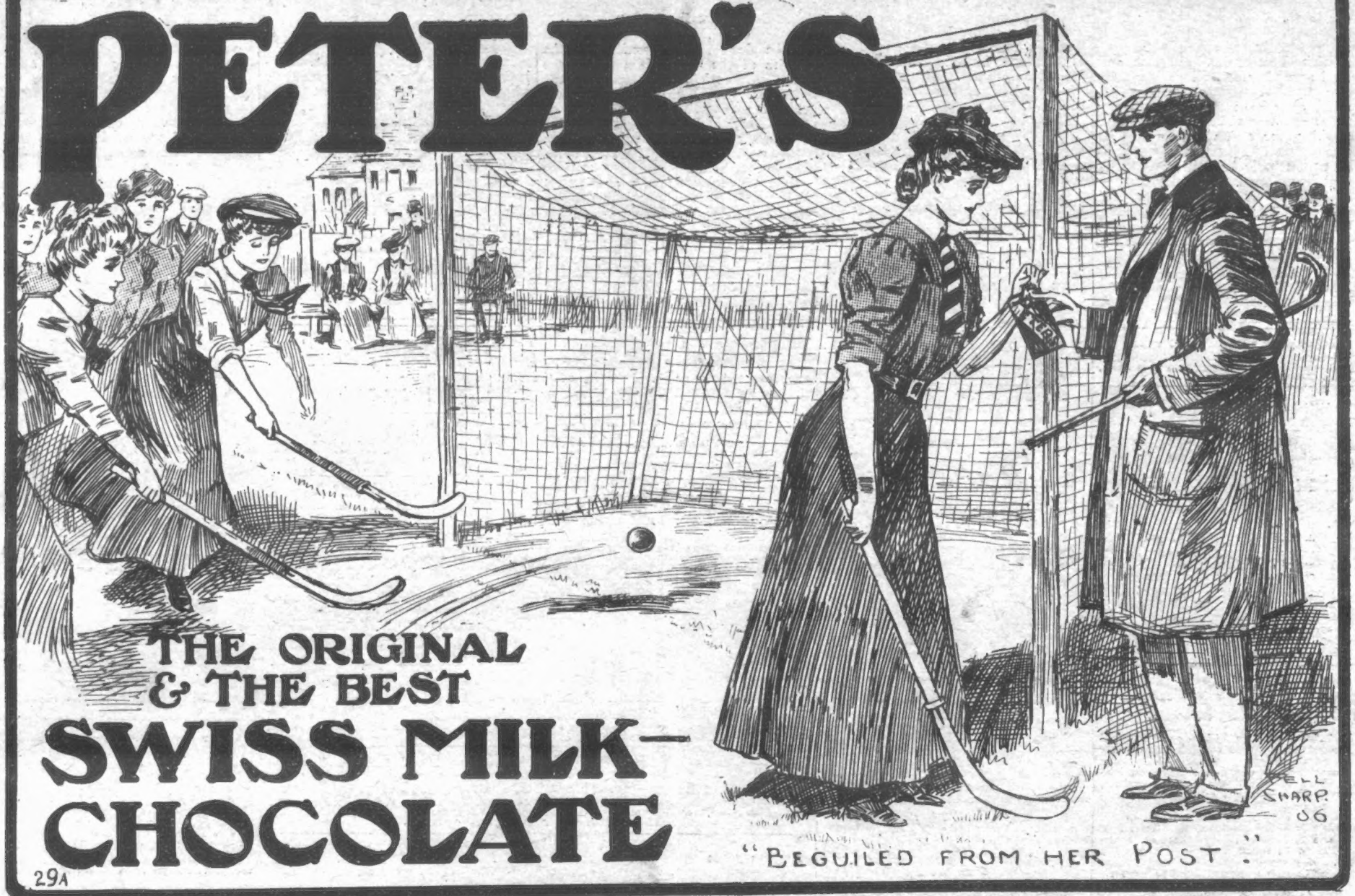
BOON TO WEAK MEN.
Nervous and Physical Weaknesses, Genito-urinary troubles, lack of Vigour, Varicocele, and all the allied troubles. Send for treatise with full particulars, including hundreds of testimonials of complete cures. No electricity. Sent sealed free of all charge.
C. A. MURRAY,
7 Southampton Row, London, W.C.

A BOOK FOR LADIES.
The knowledge contained in this book is of PRICELESS VALUE TO EVERY MARRIED LADY, and has been the means of brightening the lives of thousands. It contains a large amount of valuable information. All will profit by reading it, as the knowledge gained is priceless, and cannot but do good. Sent in sealed envelope for 2 stamps.
A lady writes us: "I have read your book. It is simply invaluable, and gave me the information I have sought after for years."
B. VIMULE,
Dalston Lane, London, N.E.

RUPTURE
CURED.
Gentleman (cured himself and many others) will send FREE particulars of inexpensive self-curative treatment. Highly recommended by the medical profession, and within reach of all. Mention paper and send stamp for "HOW?"
Secretary (Box 54), 3 Earl St., Carlisle.

6 Samples for 6d.
"VASELINE"
Preparations.
In order to make known the various "Vaseline" Preparations we are selling
DAINTY SAMPLE BOXES—6d. EACH
CONTAINING
1 Tube White "Vaseline." | *1 Tube Pomade "Vaseline."* | *1 Tin "Vaseline" Cold Cream.*
1 Tube Capsicum "Vaseline." | *1 Tin Pure "Vaseline."* | *1 Tin "Vaseline" Camphor Ice.*
SEND 6D. IN STAMPS TO THE
CHESEBROUGH MANUFACTURING CO., PROPRIETORS of "VASELINE," 42 HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON, E.C.,
AND ONE WILL BE FORWARDED POST FREE.

PETER'S



THE ORIGINAL & THE BEST

SWISS MILK-CHOCOLATE

29A

A GRAND TONIC FOR THE BLOOD.

"WINCARNIS"

A GRAND TONIC FOR THE HEART.

A NATURAL RESTORATIVE TO COUNTERACT INFLUENZA.

INFLUENZA INCREASING.

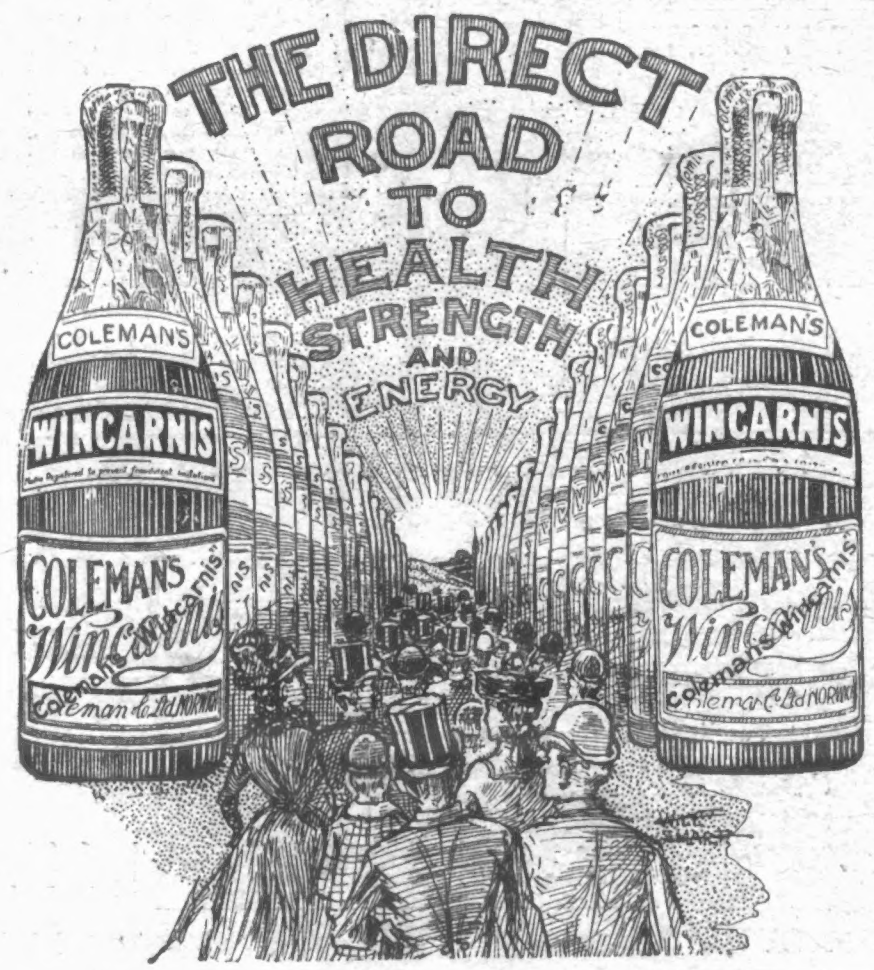
The *Daily Mirror* says: "Influenza has got London in its grip. Nearly 400 officers and men of the Metropolitan and City Police are down with it—or very similar ailments, due to weather vagaries—and the railway companies are very heavy sufferers."

The malady is playing havoc in the West End shops—where everything is a rush for Christmas—and City offices and warehouses.

Every man's house is his castle, and every wise man will do well to provision his domicile with the means of invigoration, so as to fortify his constitution against colds, chills, and influenza.

Much can be done by care in guarding against any lowering of the physical condition. Warm clothing, suitable diet, and the avoidance of irregular habits and excesses are all golden rules to follow out. The chief rule of all is to keep up a rich, healthy blood supply. Without a rich stream of invigorated blood, to circulate heat and stamina, you cannot hope to overcome the infection.

A man in London is supposed to breathe in something like 200,000 germs every day, but Nature, if maintained in the full plenitude of her powers, slaughters the germs very speedily. Therein lies the secret of "Wincarnis" as a germ killer, or at least in strengthening Nature so that they may be destroyed. Get your "house in order." Apply for a free sample, and if you find it good, always keep it by you.



INFLUENZA STOPPED.

Amersham, Lymington-avenue,
Leigh-on-Sea, Essex.
Oct. 2, 1906.

Gentlemen,—I have much sincere pleasure in stating that I have partaken of your "Wincarnis" for a considerable time past, and have always found it a most refreshing and rejuvenating tonic after continuous and severe mental strain. It has, indeed, infused new life and vitality into me when wearied and worn out by brain stress, and it may interest you to know that I always keep a bottle of "Wincarnis" in my study, and would never be without it.—Yours very truly,

C. A. MANNING-PRESS
(Author of County Illustrated Works).

SAMPLE BOTTLE GRATIS.

To obtain "Wincarnis" Free of Charge

SIGN THIS COUPON.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

P.I.P. Dec. 22nd.

NOTE.—Fill in, cut out, and send with three penny stamps to pay the cost of carriage. No charge whatever for the bottle of "Wincarnis," or if you do not wish to cut this paper, kindly send your name and address with three penny stamps in a letter, but take care to mention this paper, *Penny Illustrated Paper*.

After free trial "Wincarnis" can be obtained at all wine merchants', or at any Chemist's and Grocer's holding a wine licence; but should any difficulty arise, write to the Proprietors, Coleman & Co. Ltd., Wincarnis Works, Norwich, for address of nearest Agents.

AVOID INFLUENZA, SEND COUPON TO COLEMAN & CO. LTD., WINCARNIS WORKS, NORWICH.